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Suppressing the Drug Traffic

By RUSSELL PASHA

Russell Pasha, who has just returned from Geneva, is Director of the Central Narcotics Intelligence Bureau, which was set up five years ago to investigate the sale of narcotic drugs in Egypt

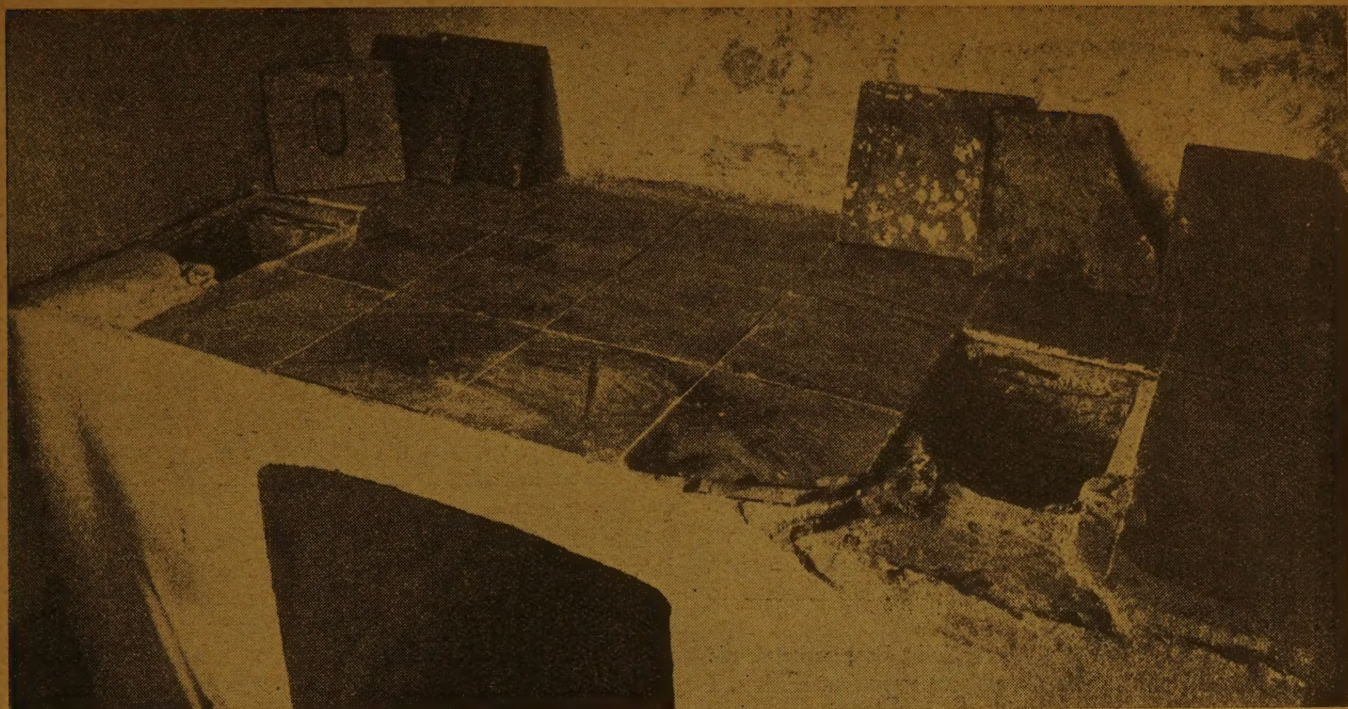
IT'S now just five years since the Egyptian Government really set to work to tackle the ghastly menace of the Drug Traffic that threatened to destroy her people. My bureau was formed, with ample funds behind it, and we set to work to trace to their origin the narcotic drugs that were being imported into Egypt from abroad, to expose the facts at the League of Nations and to inform the governments concerned. Our policy was to deal so severely with the trafficker and the addict in Egypt itself that prices of contraband drugs would rise to a figure beyond the means of the agricultural and working classes, who were being destroyed by their thousands.

Five years is a recognised period of time and a good one for stocktaking. We are now in the happy position of being able to show a vast improvement: in fact I can say that Egypt has been saved from the peril that threatened her. I'm not going to quote you yards of figures: I'll merely give you two which will illustrate how different things are today from what they were five years ago. On October 1, 1929, there were 5,680 convicted drug addicts in the State prisons: on the same date last year there were 674—a reduction of 5,000 in five years. Five years ago a kilo, that is to say, 2½ lbs., of contraband heroin fetched £75 in Egypt; today, if you were lucky enough to find it,

you would have to pay £600 for it. Hasheesh, too, which is a drug in common use, though not so dangerous as heroin, used to cost £3 a kilo; today it is worth from £60 to £90 according to quality.

So you see that, as we planned, we have now got the prices so high that the average man has had to do without and addicts have been able to chuck their dope with little or no trouble, since what they were obtaining in the retail traffic had been so heavily adulterated that they were latterly only getting about five per cent. dope and ninety-five per cent. boracic or other harmless white powder.

We have also been able to give definite proofs to the League of where the various drugs come from so that practically no leakage into the contraband now occurs from the legitimate chemical factories of Europe. Five years ago the illicit market got their supplies from France and Switzerland; when these sources were closed down, the manufacturers started afresh in Turkey. The Turkish Government soon put a stop to that and the contraband manufacturers had to find some other place for their activities. Last year they chose Bulgaria, where the raw material, opium, was cheap and where anti-narcotic legislation did not exist. We have just exposed the facts at Geneva that there are about a dozen dope factories in Bulgaria producing about 3 tons of heroin a year.



Cooking range built to conceal drugs. To illustrate Russell Pasha's talk opposite

Illustrations from last year's Annual Report of the Central Narcotic's Intelligence Bureau (Egyptian Government)

The Campaign Against Tuberculosis

By VISCOUNT ASTOR

Lord Astor was Chairman of the Departmental Committee on Tuberculosis which was appointed twenty-one years ago to report to the Government on steps which might be taken to combat the disease

THE death rate from all forms of tuberculosis in 1910 was heavy. Over 53,000 died of it. Today the mortality is much lower. There has been a reduction of over 40 per cent.; that is to say, the deaths are now under 34,000. This is a big achievement, and it is due to two factors. First of all the Local Authorities have provided facilities for diagnosis and treatment. They have been helped, and in some cases kept up to the mark, by the efforts of such voluntary bodies as the National Association for the Prevention of Tuberculosis which opened its Twentieth Conference on Thursday last.

Every County Council and every City Council has a special dispensary for diagnosis as well as beds in sanatoria. There are also a certain number of village settlements where consumptives can go and work in more healthy surroundings than would be found in many town factories or shops.

But there's a second reason why the death rate has gone down. From the very start my Committee emphasised the fact that the disease should and could be largely prevented. People today are leading much healthier lives than they used to, and, being stronger and fitter, don't become consumptive.

As you know, most consumptives go to a sanatorium. They are taught there how to lead healthier lives. They are given plenty of nourishing food. They are made to sleep with open windows instead of in stuffy rooms. Some of them hate this at first; many like what is called a good old frowst. But after a time they learn to prefer fresh air to contaminated air, just as they prefer to drink fresh instead of dirty water. In a sanatorium they take regulated exercise, and are taught that too long working hours tend to lower vitality. They drink plenty of milk, but intoxicants are barred as they aren't thought to increase resistance to tuberculosis. That, roughly, is the routine and life in a sanatorium and village settlement.

If you will stop and think a moment you will realise that, quite apart from the direct action taken against tuberculosis, the nation has done a great deal to help people to live healthier lives. In this way we have indirectly helped to prevent many people becoming consumptive who in the old days would have contracted the disease. Children are better fed. Last year over 400,000 children were given meals in our public elementary schools. Every year now more than 900,000 children get a glass of milk as a regular part of their diet. This makes them

less likely to get tuberculosis. The Government are at this moment trying to make more milk available for the children.

Have you ever heard of the great work done by Margaret MacMillan? How she started what are called Open Air Nursery Schools for children between the ages of 2 and 5? Official statistics show that children who attend these Open Air Nursery Schools become healthy instead of being consumptive and rickety. They start life with a better chance. Every time a new Open Air Nursery School is opened we are helping to prevent the spread of tuberculosis.

Then, since the War, nearly 1½ million new working-class houses have been built. Whenever we clear away an overcrowded slum and build in its place airy cottages or healthy flats, we are helping people to breathe fresh clean air into their lungs and so to be healthier.

We have also improved working conditions in factories and shops. Shorter hours of work mean less fatigue among shop girls, miners and other wage-earners. When people are overtired they are less resistant to consumption and other diseases. More employers also are providing canteens for their workers.

I have emphasised here the two lines of attack in our campaign: First, there is the direct attack through dispensaries, sanatoria and hospitals, which is being conducted by Local Authorities under the Ministry of Health, and by voluntary bodies. Second, there is the indirect but equally important attack through our laws to improve conditions of living. We have done a lot; but there is still much to do in this latter line. There are still too many slums where disease flourishes. There aren't enough garden cities or Open Air Nursery Schools. The hours of work particularly for the young are still too long in some employments. I know it costs money to pull down a slum. I know that it seems to be expensive to shorten hours of work. But, believe me, it costs you and the whole country a lot more money to have people whose vitality and health have been lowered because they were overcrowded or underfed.

When the population has a high rate of tuberculosis you have many people whom it costs money to support; whereas when the population is healthy you have people who add to the country's wealth. So they help to make the nation prosperous and to reduce rates and taxes. Good health is a really good investment. The money which we spend on raising our general standard of life is, I am convinced, well spent.

What I Like in Art

II—Character in a Portrait Bust

By SIR ERIC MACLAGAN

PROBABLY most people would be prepared to agree that the first half of the seventeenth century was the golden age of portrait painting. Our individual preferences may go back a hundred years earlier to Titian or Holbein; even two hundred years earlier to Jan van Eyck, who showed the artists of the Netherlands for the first time that the honest attempt to represent a man's face and habit can result in a great picture. But a sitter born at the end of the sixteenth century who was rich enough to travel and free of political entanglements, might have taken his choice as to whether van Dyck or Velasquez, the old Rubens or the young Rembrandt, should have the honour of handing down his features to posterity.

There is no Italian painter of the period whose name stands as high. But even if such a claim may sound surprising, I believe that there were two sculptors in Rome at that moment whose work at its best rises to the same supreme level, and it is a bust by one of these sculptors (and the less familiar of them) that I am tempted to select as an example of What I Like in Art.

It stands in the big East Hall of the Victoria and Albert Museum, so people who live in London can look at it for themselves with very little trouble. But like so much sculpture it shows a good deal of its quality in a photograph.

Francesco Bracciolini, whom it represents, was an Italian poet of considerable celebrity in his own day. He was born at Pistoia in 1566, and educated at Florence. In 1605 he was tempted by the offer of a canonry and took holy orders, becoming attached to the service of Cardinal Maffeo Barberini who was elected Pope as Urban VIII in 1623. Bracciolini then became Secretary to his brother, Cardinal Antonio Barberini, but he seems to have remained in intimate relations with the Pope and it was only after his death that he left Rome and returned to his home, where he died in 1645. He wrote a great many poems, some of them of considerable length; a serious epic on the Recovery of the True Cross, a burlesque one on the Adventures of the Gods of Olympus, and a portentously bulky effort in twenty-five cantos on the election of his patron Urban VIII as Pope; in reward for the latter he was allowed to quarter the Barberini arms with his own.

The sculptor of the bust, Alessandro Algardi, was a much younger man. He was born, as we now know, in the year 1595; and like so many of the most distinguished Italian painters of the period his native home was Bologna. His early work was mainly on quite a small scale, and when he came to Rome early in the pontificate of Urban VIII he got employment from Cardinal Ludovici and others as a restorer of antiques. He seems quite early in his career in Rome to have acquired a reputation for portraiture, and there are several admirable busts dating from the beginning of Urban VIII's pontificate. Most of these are in Rome; but one, closely related to the portrait of Bracciolini and representing Cardinal Laudivio Zacchia, is in the Museum at Berlin and can be definitely dated 1626. The bust at South Kensington must almost certainly have been made about the same time; and fine as the other busts are, it would be difficult to suggest that any one of them excels the portrait of Bracciolini in the essential qualities which distinguish Algardi's art. Later on, under Innocent X, Algardi became the most popular sculptor in Rome, and there are some more busts belonging to this period, when for a time he enjoyed the Pope's favour almost to the exclusion of other artists.

In the fifteenth century the sculptors of Italy, like the

painters of the Low Countries, had tended to a remorseless naturalism in their portraits. This insistence on absolute veracity is much less noticeable in the busts of the sixteenth century, which tend towards a heroic idealisation and simplification in their style. But at the beginning of the seventeenth century the pendulum swung again in the opposite direction, and perhaps a bust like this represents the extreme limit to which naturalism can go in sculpture without offence.

The technical mastery displayed in its execution is astounding. Algardi must have acquired great skill in the handling of marble in the course of his work as a restorer of antiques, and his carvings in ivory and other materials on a small scale had given him the power of executing even the minutest details (the Victoria and Albert Museum possesses in the Murray Bequest a group of the Deposition from the Cross which is almost the only certainly identifiable example of Algardi's work in ivory). He has delighted in displaying his skill in the rendering of every possible variety of texture. The wrinkled skin of an elderly man (he must have been about sixty at the time the bust was made), the stiff but well-brushed hair, the neatly trimmed beard and the close-cropped cheeks are set off by the linen collar and the fur-lined *mozzetta* showing just a glimpse of the pleated rochet with its lace trimming at his neck. Even in a photograph the illusion, particularly of the fur, is surprising enough. But it is only by an examination of the marble itself that the relative simplicity of the means by which this illusion has been procured can be realised. Algardi did not carve lace by imitating the very threads of its pattern as some of the sculptors of the late nineteenth century did in their preposterous achievements in the cemetery at Genoa; but merely drilled a series of holes in exactly the right position which at a slight distance produced the effect that he required. And he has applied much the same treatment to the beard where a less certain craftsman might have wasted hours of labour on tracing out the course of individual hairs. His handling may, in fact, be compared almost exactly with the way in which Velasquez could render the texture of stuff or of skin with a baffling economy of brushwork.

But the comparison with Velasquez or any other of the great contemporary portrait painters goes far deeper than this. No one can fail to realise that the bust of Francesco Bracciolini represents a profound psychological study of the sitter; and that Algardi has done much more than give a merely photographic likeness. You feel that you can stand in front of such a portrait and penetrate deeper and deeper into the character of this forgotten poet, getting acquainted with him just as simply and easily as you can get acquainted with Philip IV or Cornelis van der Geest or Rembrandt himself at the National Gallery. I do not know of any painted picture representing Bracciolini, though there is an engraving of him in one of the published editions of his poems. But in two instances at least busts by Algardi's even greater contemporary can be compared with portraits of the same sitters by Velasquez. Bernini made a bust of Pope Innocent X, the successor of Urban VIII; and Velasquez painted a picture of him which ranks among his greatest masterpieces. Yet it would be difficult to say that the bust is less brilliant in its handling or less profound in its characterisation; and if it gives a more unpleasing impression of the Pope's character it may fairly be urged that Bernini knew him a great deal better than Velasquez did. The comparison here is perhaps fairer than in the two portraits by Bernini and Velasquez of Francesco d'Este, where Bernini's



Francesco Bracciolini, by Algardi

Victoria and Albert Museum

bust surely out-tops Velasquez' picture. And the mere fact that such a comparison is a possible one witnesses to the heights to which Bernini and his contemporary Algardi rose in their difficult art.

Quietly conceived as it is, the bust is in many ways typical of baroque art; for example, in the studied lack of symmetry in its composition and in the broken outline which has been in this case contrived without any of the exaggerated movement of drapery which came in at a later period in the seventeenth century. The relative elaboration with which the silk and fur and lace are treated give a necessary balance to the strongly accentuated features; it would hardly be possible to imagine them surmounting the plainly draped shoulders which one would have expected in a bust of an earlier period. And yet even the features show considerable restraint, the pupils of the eyes being barely indicated with light incisions on the marble. In the busts of the fifteenth century we have normally to imagine that their effect was heightened by touches of colour; in the eyes more especially; but Michael Angelo seems to have put an end once for all to the practice of painting marble, which was hardly revived even in a tentative way until the nineteenth century. So that Algardi's bust presents itself to us

almost precisely in the form in which it left his hands. Other busts of the seventeenth century are more dramatic in their effect and more decorative perhaps in their outline; but few present a more complete solution of the problems of portraiture in marble and few are more deserving of careful study from that point of view.

Although the baroque as a whole is much more highly appreciated now than it was by a preceding generation the general tendencies of modern art are towards making us less ready to admire such detailed and laborious studies in portraiture. Our taste inclines rather to the bold improvisations of a Bernini; and we are apt actually to find it difficult to appreciate in a closely finished work of art the qualities which are so readily grasped in a sketch or in the bold simplifications of much Romanesque and Primitive Sculpture. But for that very reason it is perhaps worth while to devote a little time to a masterpiece of a different sort; and the detailed naturalism which we are prepared to accept in Rembrandt ought not to offend us in Algardi.

Readers should refer to page 1041 for a correction of the unfortunate error which occurred in the illustration of Mr. Clive Bell's article in this series last week.

*The Week Abroad**Jottings from a Balkan Notebook*

By STEPHEN HEALD

Mr. Heald has just returned from a visit to the Balkans

I WONDER what ideas the Balkans present to your minds—I mean those of you who have not yet been there? One's first impression is one of instability, of unreality—a sort of *Alice through the Looking Glass* country, in which you can hardly believe your ears and scarcely trust your own eyes. So much is superficial—by which I mean that European and Eastern manners and modes are imposed upon the rugged Balkan rock. 'The East begins at Vienna' is a saying which, when first you hear it, may sound like an exaggeration; but experience, often bitter if not also expensive, shows that it is far from being so—that is, of course, if it is not taken too literally. Hundreds of years of Turkish rule have left their mark—not to mention their delicious coffee—on the Balkans.

Before I go on to give you some idea of the situation in the countries I visited, I should like to give you some general impressions of the area as a whole. Perhaps you will allow me to emphasise two points. The first is that all these countries—Yugoslavia, Rumania, Bulgaria, and parts of Greece—are predominantly agricultural. That is to say, more than three-quarters of the population depend for their livelihood on the success of the harvest and their ability to sell their wheat, maize or tobacco. On this their very existence depends, and prosperity is an unknown term in the Balkans. It is not an easy life, for when harvests were plentiful there was a surplus, and they could not sell their grain. Now, as a result of the prolonged drought, this year's harvest in Rumania threatens to fail and they will have little, if any, grain to sell. It is not hard to understand, therefore, that the success or failure of the harvest and of its disposal is a factor of tremendous importance in Balkan politics. If people are busy their minds are occupied with their work, and they have little time or inclination to discuss politics seriously. When they are idle or disappointed, discontentment soon grows and assumes political forms. When this happens the Government of the day gets the blame. On the other hand, it is really surprising how much credit a Government can take for a good harvest. It is important to remember that a bad harvest is a political danger signal which cannot be ignored.

The second point which I want to impress upon you is the wide gulf which lies between the people of the countryside and those of the towns and cities. The town people have one object in life, and that is to get into the Government service. As a result the service is overcrowded and the pay is low. In these circumstances instances of corruption frequently arise, and there are widespread complaints that officials seek to supplement their meagre salaries by various doubtful practices. Appointments to Government posts of all kinds, from the stationmaster at a country station to an important post in one of the Ministries, have become the subject of political bargaining. A serious problem has been created in Rumania, where the sons of comparatively well-to-do farmers have drifted to the towns, passed through the Universities where education is good and quite cheap, and are now waiting for Government jobs which don't exist.

Consider the other side of the picture—those who are fortunate enough to get office or governmental employment. Their one object is to keep it by hook or by crook. Politics, therefore, may be reduced largely to a struggle between the 'ins' and the 'outs'. This situation, and a feeling that as a result of the corruption and inefficiency of the political parties money is being unnecessarily squandered which might help economies or avoid the imposition of increased taxation, have led to widespread indignation and dissatisfaction, which may be directed into different channels. In Bulgaria, where I happened to be on May 19, the immediate reaction to the *coup d'état* was favourable. Most people were disgusted with the manoeuvres, intrigues and inefficiency of the political parties. As in Bulgaria, so in Rumania there is a growing movement against government by the political parties who have shown themselves bankrupt and self-seeking. That, at least, is what people are saying.

The political situation in Bulgaria is not yet clear and there is little real news available. It is interesting, however, to note that those who were responsible for the *coup d'état* of May 19 were all members of a small club called the 'Zveno'. The same individuals carried out the *coup d'état* against the Agrarian and Left Government of Stambulisky in 1923. On that occasion Professor Tzankoff became Prime Minister. This time some of the Tzankoffist supporters have been taken into the Cabinet. The new Government, partly composed of Generals and Officers of the Reserve, appears to be one of the Right.

Some people have predicted a reaction in Bulgaria against the present regime: but I would not be prepared to say yet whether this is likely or not. In any case the central point of interest is the position of King Boris. Some people say that he played an active part behind the scenes in the *coup d'état*. This seems to be unlikely. Others say that he had nothing to do with its execution, but that it had his approval. A third view, which seems to be the more likely one, is that the King had nothing to do with it at all. King Boris is very popular in the country as a constitutional monarch, and it is in everybody's interest that his part in the *coup d'état* should remain the subject of conjecture.

The *rapprochement* between Bulgaria and Yugoslavia will undoubtedly have important results if it can be maintained. Yugoslavia has shown herself willing to meet Bulgaria half-way, and much has been done to foster cordial relations. But concessions are a different thing. In one important instance, however, Bulgaria has reason to be satisfied. The signing last month of a Veterinary Convention, though it doesn't sound very interesting, was important. For this reason: Bulgarian cattle and poultry exported to Central Europe by railway must in transit pass through Yugoslavia. On an excuse of a failure to satisfy veterinary regulations, such trains might be delayed or diverted on to sidings—sometimes without water. This was a convenient way of bringing political pressure to bear on Bulgaria or of marking dissatisfaction with her feeble attempts to suppress the terrorist activities of her Macedonian bandits.

A complete *rapprochement* between the two South Slav countries—Yugoslavia and Bulgaria—may probably be the cause of anxiety not only to Greece and Rumania but to Turkey and Italy as well. The possibility of the combined pressure of Yugoslavia and Bulgaria southwards towards the Aegean Sea and to Constantinople is likely to give Greece and Turkey food for thought. Rumania might not relish being squeezed between Soviet Russia on the north and a strong Slav group on the south. In Italy, whose relations with Yugoslavia can never be called cordial, the increased power of Yugoslavia would not be welcomed. But—and a big but at that—as someone said to me: 'Slav countries can be great friends unless they are neighbours'. 'Why?' you ask. Simply because their similarity is such that any dissimilarity is irritating.

What about the future in Rumania? Competent observers have told me that they expect serious trouble there soon. In almost the next breath they said, 'But you never know in the Balkans—it may all blow over'. Perhaps it won't happen till next year, but happen it will, sooner or later.

All is not well with Rumania. A country with vast natural wealth and resources—timber, petroleum, good soil—it has no money with which to develop them, even if it can sell their products, and little or no security on which to borrow more. A movement against the Jews has started, and is growing. Interest rates charged to debtors have been high, and those who have bought up bankrupt property cheaply and have sold it at a substantial profit are not, in existing circumstances, popular for their superior business qualities. Discontent can easily be directed against them for political purposes. The Iron Guard movement has gained much support by its anti-Jewish policy: on this basis the Iron Guard has much in common with the National-Socialist movement in Germany, from which it is believed to have received support.

One last word: remember the danger signal—a bad harvest.

Economics in a Changing World

What IS the Unemployment Problem?

By Commander STEPHEN KING-HALL

I WANT to enlist your help. An institution with which I am connected is engaged upon a piece of research work, which has for its purpose the collection of material out of which a report can be written which will be called *The International Aspects of the Unemployment Problem*, or words to that effect. This enquiry, by the way, is being carried out in a strictly scientific manner and is 100 per cent. non-political; otherwise I should not be venturing to seek your aid.

Of course you know what the unemployment problem is? At first glance it almost seems as if I am insulting you when I ask you that. Perhaps you have the misfortune to be an unemployed person. After all, governments have secured office by promising to solve the unemployment problem, and have lost office because the electorate have considered that the problem has not been solved. It is clear, of course, that to define the unemployed person is not to define unemployment. The International Labour Office has asked governments to send in their definitions of what constitutes unemployment. The replies differ considerably, and are really arbitrary descriptions of what categories of persons should be entitled 'within the meaning of the Act' to receive benefit or relief. Since unemployment legislation varies from country to country, so of course does the definition of the unemployed person. This is one reason why it is so very difficult to make valid comparisons between national unemployment statistics. Another is that as benefit conditions are tightened up and relaxed so will the statistics of unemployment fall and rise.

The Black-Coated Unemployed

With this preliminary warning as to the dangers of trying to be exact in this matter, let us ask ourselves whether there is any particular class of person whose inability to find work causes concern to the public. The unemployment problem means, I think, in the minds of most people, the problem of the insured worker who cannot find work; but in fact this is by no means the whole of the problem. Large classes of the population, particularly agricultural labourers and domestic servants, do not appear in the unemployment statistics. This last fact, of course, is realised by many people, but in a severe depression such as we have been passing through during the last few years there is another category of worker whose plight is often very severe, but concerning whose condition little is heard in public. This is the black-coated worker, or small professional man. I was at a committee meeting the other day at which this problem of black-coated unemployment was being discussed, and it seems that very few figures are available as to its extent. This committee was considering whether it would be practicable to carry out an investigation into this subject, because it was believed by many of the experts who were sitting round the table that, especially in foreign countries, the fact that young men and women trained for the professions drifted from the higher schools and universities into a workless world, constituted a very grave social problem. The Nazi Revolution in Germany derived a great deal of its strength from the despair of well-educated post-War men and women who were unable to find any use for their talents.

The unemployment shown in the monthly returns is of two kinds. There is intermittent and seasonal unemployment which does not really constitute the main problem. Perhaps I should say that it is not part of the main problem of unemployment in what one may call 'normal times'. The seasonal fluctuations in certain industries make some degree of unemployment inevitable; for instance, the domestic market for coal is greater in the winter than in the summer; in agriculture there are seasonal demands. Moreover, in heavy industry the sudden arrival of a large order will mean the taking on of more men, and this may then be followed by a slack period. I am going to ask you what you think this reserve, or pool, of labour should be—if indeed you think that it should exist at all.

In 1919 an estimate had to be made as to what the average risk of unemployment was in normal times. The reason for this estimate was that the Unemployment Insurance Act of 1920 was being prepared, and the Ministry of Labour put the figure at about 4½ per cent.—say, 600,000 persons. There are Trades Union figures for skilled men going back to 1860, and although these statistics only refer to a little over half-a-million out of a total of eleven million manual workers before the War, the Trades Union figures show that there was always a certain percentage of unemployed. It was never less than about 3 per cent., and in 1908 it rose to nearly 9 per cent. In the years 1923-26, in

the U.S.A.—prosperous years—unemployment in manufacturing, transportation, building and mining industries exceeded 9 per cent. In Great Britain, excluding temporarily stopped, the figures for 1924-1929 averaged 9 to 10 per cent.

Policies of 'Spreading the Butter Thin'

One aspect, then, of the problem of unemployment would be any abnormal increase in the amount of labour lying idle in the general pool; but, as I said above, accepting the present organisation of industry, some reserve of labour there must always be. In addition to this intermittent and seasonal unemployment there is, however, the laying-off of men for long periods due to a decline in the demand for the product of their industry. This is the big and spectacular aspect of the unemployment problem which has caused world-wide concern since about 1929. In the case of Great Britain it is made up of the unemployment in such staple trades as cotton, coal and engineering. We have in this country and abroad this large mass of labour willing to work but unable to find employment. I wonder if you noticed anything wrong in that last statement of mine? I think that it is open to criticism, for one should add to it the words 'at a suitable wage'. The question as to what is a suitable wage—real wage, not necessarily money wage—is one which will differ in various parts of the world. For instance, you may have noticed that recently there have been some rather spectacular declines in the unemployment statistics in Germany, but it is, I think, generally admitted that much of this result is due to such measures as the exclusion of women from the labour market—they are encouraged to marry and stay at home; the absorption of thousands of young men in voluntary labour camps where they receive a few pence a day as pocket money; the employment of perhaps half-a-million men on public works at very low rates of pay; and the sharing out of work in factories on the rotation system. In fact, although the unemployment figures have been going down, there has not been a corresponding increase in the total wage bill. The German method has been to spread the butter thin. For an even more extreme case one could go to Russia, where the authorities claim that the unemployment problem does not exist at all. Or, one might argue that if the feudal system existed in Great Britain there would be no unemployment problem. Clearly none of these so-called solutions would be acceptable to the people of this country.

What is Our Attitude?

What, then, is our attitude towards the problem of the hard core of unemployment? I should say that the British unemployment insurance system aims at keeping the British labour force in being until the crisis passes, and the demand for labour is sufficient to take all the abnormal surplus out of the pool.

Not only must we think of wage rates when we are trying to imagine what would be considered as a solution of the unemployment problem, but we must also consider hours of labour. Some people will say that 48 hours a week is satisfactory, others will say that we should work towards 40 hours a week. The eighteenth conference of the International Labour Organisation is at present discussing the 40-hour week proposal.

Now I have come to the point at which to remind you that I am asking for your assistance. You will agree with me that it is possible to imagine conditions today which, when considered as a whole, would mean that the unemployment problem was no longer a matter of great public concern. By this I mean that candidates for Parliament would no longer get up and say 'I ask you to return me to Parliament because my party will solve the unemployment problem'. I mean conditions in which the B.B.C. would no longer think it worth while to broadcast talks about the state of unemployment, conditions in which the problem of unemployment would no longer feature as the subject of leading articles. What I should like you to do is to send me a brief note telling me in a few lines what, in your opinion as an elector, those conditions should be. For instance, to put one aspect of the matter in the form of a question which I asked an economist: What figure for unemployed insured workers in Great Britain would show that there was no unemployment problem—in the sense in which we have been using those words here? I would like to know what you think.



The Listener

All communications should be addressed to the Editor of THE LISTENER, Broadcasting House, London, W.1. The articles in THE LISTENER being mainly reprints of broadcast talks, original contributions are not invited. Articles in THE LISTENER do not necessarily represent the views of the B.B.C. Yearly Subscription rates (including postage): Home and Canada, 17s. 4d.; Overseas and Foreign, 19s. 6d. Shorter periods, pro rata.

Child Emigration

EVER since the trade depression set in, migration within the Empire has been at a discount. Our Dominions, preoccupied with their own unemployment difficulties, have no longer been able to afford to encourage—or even keep the door open for—the settlement of British emigrants in their own territories, empty though they may be. No doubt, however, the decline of emigration is also due in part to the comparatively casual and unimaginative methods of transplantation followed in the past. The wrong sort of people emigrated, seeking—or being only fit for—the wrong sort of jobs, and therefore helping to swell the town rather than the country population in the Dominions. But in Australia, for instance, unemployment is mainly an urban problem; only qualified farm labour is never superfluous. If, therefore, a steady stream of emigrants from the mother country, trained and prepared to work on the land and not likely to drift to the towns, could be assured, room could be found for them in Australia and other Dominions.

This was the idea that inspired Kingsley Fairbridge when he originated several years ago the Farm School Movement, for taking children at an early age out of the slums of our great cities and training them in the Dominions to become skilled farm workers and permanent settlers on the land. The first school was founded in 1912 at Pinjarra in Western Australia, and in the twenty years of its existence has fully justified the hopes of its founder. But Fairbridge, who drew his original inspiration from Rhodesia, always intended that in due course other schools might be established wherever in the Empire there was new land to be opened up; and now the time seems to have come for carrying to a further stage the experiment for which the Pinjarra school has been the model. A Farm School is proposed for British Columbia, and others, if funds are forthcoming, for Victoria and Queensland also. Although the cost of maintenance is the economical one of 17s. 6d. per child per week, it takes £30,000 to start a school. Last Thursday an appeal for financial assistance to raise a total fund of £100,000 was launched by H.R.H. the Prince of Wales and Mr. Baldwin at a meeting at the Grocers' Hall. Already 1,000 children have been taken into the existing Farm School, and of

the 700 who have passed out of it not one is unemployed. Almost more remarkable is the fact that only six young immigrants have had to be sent home as failures since the school started.

Now it is no easy thing to uproot a child of eleven from surroundings, however wretched, that he may call his home. Moreover the average city child is neither physically nor mentally adapted to face the vigorous life of the Australian Bush. It takes months of running about bare-foot (a school regulation), of bathing in the creek, and of farm work graduated to their growing strength to bring health to such meagre little bodies. Further, the children, to whom home means the familiar city lights and noises, do not easily grow used to their silent Bush surroundings. But everything is done to tide over this difficult period of adjustment. The children are housed not in barracks but in cottages, with their 'cottage mothers' to give each child individual and sympathetic attention. Meanwhile they are able to learn the land work which will support them in the future. In this way a supply of really capable settlers is provided for a country that needs men and women, but only such as can fight their own battles, and also retain a taste for the undeniably hard life of the Australian Bush. The Farm School Movement is, as Captain Roger Lumley pointed out in his broadcast on June 15, so far almost the only experiment which has succeeded in reconciling the task for relieving unemployment at home with supplying a labour need in the Dominions. It is only the limited scale of the present experiment which has prevented its importance being more widely realised—a defect which the present appeal should remedy. The organising body in charge of the Farm Schools is the Child Emigration Society, to whose office at Savoy House, 115 Strand, W.C.2, all subscriptions and offers of help should be sent.

Week by Week

ARE we really as a community tackling the problem of Road Safety in a scientific way, or are we allowing ourselves to drift along bewildered by the multitude of counsels for reform, based most of them on insufficient factual experience? This question must occur to every reader of Mr. Mervyn O'Gorman's striking article on 'Road Accidents: A Plea for Scientific Enquiry' in the current *Fortnightly Review*. Road transport of today, 'this acutely vital nerve of all our activities', he points out, 'is exposed to be drilled into, bled, overtaxed, and stabbed at, without counting the injury or the cost, by anyone whose pen is embittered by a just sense of wrong'. Our 7,000 fatal accidents a year are enough to stimulate the advocacy of any number of plans for their prevention; but so far every one that has been tried has met with abject failure. 'The guessed causes were not the causes, that is the full and sufficient explanation'. Yet we simply refuse to take the trouble to find out these causes by the only way which is open, scientific research. This road industry of ours, which yields the State £64,000,000 a year in taxation, can so far afford nothing for 'the infinitesimal cost of research upon the gravest scientific problem that confronts it—the safe flow of traffic'. What are the subjects upon which research is needed? Mr. O'Gorman instances among many others, 'the vital questions of traffic control, speed, noise, dazzle, pedestrian movement, layout of roads and footwalks, congestion, traffic density, hooting, drivers' psychology, urban development, name-plating, safety-signs, traffic increment in its relation to accident increment'. Every road user, whether cyclist or motorist, must have wondered at some time of his road career at the anomalies which he comes across—triangular or circular roundabouts, badly cambered road curves, absence and presence of footwalks, continual new building of arterial frontage sites bought at enhanced land values, and so on. These and a thousand other such problems may occur to the road user, but it is not yet anyone's business to investigate them on behalf of

the community. That it ought to be, and without delay, is Mr. O'Gorman's unanswerable plea.

* * *

The proposed action of the National Trust—for which it is making an appeal for £12,500—in regard to Buttermere, Crummock Water and Loweswater, seems to point to a new policy which may result in far more of England being preserved from unnecessary development, and for public use, than has hitherto been possible by any piecemeal purchase of beauty-spots. In April last, the owner of the three lakes and of 5,000 acres round them announced his intention to sell. It was an area much larger than the Trust, dependent as it is on private subscription, could hope to buy outright. And in the bare and open country of the Lake District, to buy one part would have been a worthless gesture if the neighbouring parts were still open to the speculative builder and the enterprising hotel-promoter. But, by an ingenious scheme, the Trust proposes, without buying the whole area, yet to ensure that the whole of it shall preserve its present use and character. This is being effected by the purchase of the land at its market value (or at as much less as the owner will sell for) and the re-sale of it on certain conditions—e.g. restriction on new building, guarantee of public access. As these conditions, by shutting out a number of possible purchasers, lessen the market value, the difference between the sale price and re-sale price will be met by the Trust—a difference that, of course, is only a fraction of what the Trust would have to find to become the complete owner. Where the value of a place is purely in its beauty, it is right the Trust should buy outright, as in this case it proposes to buy the three actual lakes, the woodlands, and Scale Force. But where the land has other, and especially agricultural, uses—as much of the rest of the 5,000 acres have—there is no point in the Trust turning landlord as long as it can remain a guardian of natural beauty, and of the right to enjoy natural beauty. And as the money it raises will obviously always be able to cover more ground by the purchase of rights of way and of rights to impose restrictive covenants than by purchase outright, we sincerely hope that this policy will be pursued in similar cases in the future. But those who (especially in the Home Counties) have paid higher-than-market prices for plots in land held under restrictive covenant will look enviously to the future landholders in the Buttermere Valley, who are being rewarded by a lower-than-market price for their promises of good behaviour.

* * *

There is a tradition that Blue Books and official publications make heavy reading, but it is a tradition with little substance behind it. Few books published this year have more interesting, important and even exciting things to say than has *An Economic Survey of the Colonial Empire*, which the Colonial Office has just brought out*. It is surprising that no such work should have been produced before. It is a full exposition, in six hundred pages of a folio volume, of the riches, either developed or still in promise, with which the Colonies abound. Colony by Colony, through all the forty-odd units which make up the Empire for which Great Britain holds direct responsibility, the position today is set out. The same information is given about each Colony, so that comparisons are easily made. In the second half of this great survey the commodities are taken one by one and the markets to which they are consigned, as well as the Colonies which produce them, are analysed. Thus the reader reading about the banana sees not only how Jamaica is gaining on the Republic of Honduras in the race for first place among exporters, but also which countries buy and eat that fruit, and in particular how the French have suddenly taken to it in the last four years. Few people, probably, if asked what was the most valuable product today of all the things grown in tropical or semi-tropical Colonies, would answer 'nuts'; but nuts, comprising ground nuts and other oil seeds, do, in the present depression which has struck rubber so peculiarly hard, hold the first place. The survey points out a danger to the West African Colonies, which rely so largely on these products. Margarine, into which they go, has been losing its hold as butter has grown cheaper and cheaper. That is a good instance of the way in which causes which the peoples of the Colonies cannot control may destroy an industry which has been painfully built up in their midst. The Crown Colonies

are still in the earliest stages of economic development. While the total wealth and trade of the Colonial Empire makes an impressive figure, and the exports are valued at some £80,000,000, primarily they are places which can produce for themselves most of the simple wants of their peoples. Foreign trade, with the mischances to which it is liable, is not, happily, the preponderant thing that it is in so many industrial centres. Native populations are being taught to enter world economy. They no longer enjoy the excitement and stimulus of tribal warfare; but they must not be left to stagnate and grow discouraged through the absence of incentive and occupation. While they must be given scope for learning and practising the arts of peace, and of agricultural industry, it is obviously only fair that they shall not be exposed more than can be helped to economic hurricanes from without. It is very important that even the smallest Colony shall have several strings to its bow, and that the products of backward peoples shall find a ready, and still more a steady, market in Great Britain. There is, fortunately, no conflict of interest here, for the products of the Colonies are all those tropical products which we need and do not produce at home.

* * *

With the First Test, cricket publicity has outsoared every previous pitch and overstepped all previous boundaries. For the English fan there have been each day three eye-witness accounts broadcast by Mr. Howard Marshall, and sixpenny-worth of special editions. But if English interest was exceptional, that of the Australian fan can only be called fanatical. To be up to the minute with the news in Australia has required an all-night vigil, and in previous years Bush hospitality has turned the occasion into a lively social event by devising pleasant ways of filling in the hours of waiting. This time, however, the Australian Broadcasting Commission has gone to every effort to give the listener as big a thrill as if he were on the Trent Bridge ground, and not content with broadcasting the state of the game at the intervals, has attempted to produce a synthetic Test Match. The course of the play was telephoned, sometimes stroke by stroke, from Nottingham to Sydney in code, and at once transferred into an actual broadcast commentary. Further, by means of synchronised sound records, the actual scene of the encounter was realistically reproduced with an accompaniment of clapping hands, click of bat on ball, How's That's? and falling wickets. And all this in the small hours of the morning! To find anything to parallel the Test Match mania of this year of grace in England and Australia one must surely go back to what Mr. Allen, in *Only Yesterday*, calls the 'Ballyhoo era' in America, when football aces like Red Grange could reduce a whole nation—the great majority of whom had never seen him in action—to a dithering state of hero-worship. And we still have four Tests to come!

* * *

A Midland correspondent writes: The jubilee of the opening of the Birmingham Museum and Art Gallery does not actually fall until next year, but it is good to see that, as a preliminary part of the celebrations, the authorities are co-operating with the Design in Industries Association to organise an exhibition of Midland Industrial Art this month. The significance of this exhibition from various angles—that of the designer, the School of Art, the manufacturer and the ordinary customer—is to be brought out at a round-table discussion which is to be broadcast from the Birmingham Studio on Monday, June 18. Mr. S. C. Kaines Smith, who succeeded the late Sir Whitworth Wallis as Keeper of the Museum and Art Gallery in 1927, will be the informal chairman. It will be interesting to hear the views expressed as to the prospects of closer co-operation between the manufacturer, who has to keep an eye on costs and selling price, and the artistic designer. While the permanent collections of decorative and industrial art show what may be learned from the past in design, the exhibition will be mainly an expression of the modern (but not too modern) spirit. It may be considered that the reaction against Victorian taste has moved too far in the direction of severity; although if one contemplates the examples of monumental art immediately in front of the Birmingham Gallery one is ready to accept a pretty violent reaction!

*H. M. Stationery Office, 25s.

The Treaty of Versailles and After—IX

How the Versailles Treaty Looks to Italy

By FORGES DAVANZATI

Senatore Forges Davanzati is Editor of 'La Tribuna'

TO invite a Fascist to speak on the Treaty of Versailles might at first sight appear to mean placing against the Treaty itself and its advocates a more or less fervent supporter of the so-called revisionism. I wish to state at once that this assumption appears to me to be incorrect. It is not true that there stands, on the one hand, the Versailles Treaty, intact and inviolable, and on the other a kind of revisionary doctrine such as has been wrongly ascribed to Mussolini. It is equally incorrect to maintain that those who want peace must be, of necessity, surly and obstinate guardians of the clauses of the Treaty, and those who speak of revision cannot but be sowers of discord and disturbers of muddy waters.

Fascism is averse to catchwords. Fascism simply wants to be an interpreter of actual and real necessities, noting facts simply as they are. The result of this realistic objective method of observation shows that, from the start, the Versailles Treaty has already undergone all sorts of changes, all imposed by facts, by realities.

Changes Already Made in the Treaty

It is almost a certainty that all, or at least a large majority, of those who discuss the Treaty hardly remember its contents, nor do they take the trouble to read it thoroughly once more. The first edition, drawn up during the Peace Conference, covers about 215 pages, is admirably printed but remarkably tiresome and dull. A mere glance through the text shows, today, that revision started immediately after the Treaty was signed. The first act of revision was effected when the United States refused to accept the undertaking given by President Wilson and forced by him upon other countries, namely, to recognise that the League Covenant was linked with the clauses of the Treaty. This categorical, fundamental change came as a blow to Europe, which had heralded the arrival of Mr. Wilson as that of a prophet and the founder of a new and better system of international relations. The next immediate revision of the Treaty was made by those European countries which silently renounced Part VII, pompously entitled 'Sanctions'. The trial of the ex-Kaiser, of his Generals and German statesmen—with Hindenburg to the fore—clearly laid down in articles 227, 228, 229 and 230, were never as much as begun. This was the first avowal of the error underlying the somewhat apocalyptic spirit which dominated throughout the Peace Conference.

Even more significant have been the various fundamental revisions also, changes of the Versailles Treaty in which France has participated while upholding the intangible sacredness of treaties. France's withdrawal of troops from the Ruhr district and her relinquishment of her rights to occupy the Third Zone constitute a definite revision of Part XIV, entitled 'Guarantees of Execution'. Nor can it be said that these renunciations were made by France because Germany had effected advance payments on reparations or because she had given tangible proof of her intention to keep armaments within the limits laid down by the Versailles Treaty. As a matter of fact, these renunciations on the part of France were followed by successive revisions of the reparation terms in the shape of the Young plan and the Dawes plan and by the Lausanne Protocol. On the other hand, as regards armaments, nobody really ever believed that Germany would accept an everlasting observance of the Treaty restrictions, so much so that not only has France often stated that she is in possession of tangible evidence of German re-armament, though she has never seen fit to produce it, but the preparatory work of the Disarmament Conference was based on that principle of parity which was later accepted on December 11, 1932. This principle also means a revision, in fact, of the Treaty of Versailles.

These are merely the outstanding instances in the matter of revision; but a brief glance at the clauses reveals no end of minor changes.

What conclusion is to be drawn from all this? That existing political conditions have brought about certain revisions, accepted by France, of some essential parts of the Treaty, and therefore it is absurd to create and circulate the myth of a doctrine of revision, of a general revision, wrongly attributed to Mussolini and Fascist Italy.

The truth of the matter is that even private contracts cannot always be carried out to the letter, and the Shakespearian defence, as passionate as it is precise, of Portia against the cruel carrying out of Shylock's contract in 'The Merchant of Venice', is an example to be borne in mind. Roman law has always used equity—*æquitas*—as an interpretative rule based on the moral aspect of the case.

What Has France Gained?

But a vast political territorial economic financial treaty, such as the one signed at Versailles, the most far-reaching document of its kind known in history, cannot possibly be viewed from a narrow literal standpoint against the evidence of facts. If we admit that a fundamental revision has already taken place—undoubtedly not imposed by Italy—why not then rather investigate whether the question is more than anything else a question of methods, responsibilities and goodwill? When Mussolini, after the March on Rome in October, 1922, took part in the London Conference in December of that same year, he at once submitted to the statesmen present a plan to reduce reparations and balance reparations with war debts. The proposal was rejected chiefly through the influence of M. Poincaré, who felt sure that France had all the legal arguments in her favour to enable her to claim reparation payments from Germany with the threat of the occupation of the Ruhr.

What has France gained by following a policy of strict and juridical application of the Treaty of Versailles? She gave up the Ruhr, relinquished her right to occupy the Third Zone, and renounced reparations. And this was neither due to a clear-sighted vision of opportunity on her part nor to a fair valuation of the political problem, but rather to the impossibility of upholding an extreme thesis. And this has been most harmful to France and to the whole of Europe. As a matter of fact, the occupation of the Ruhr, one of the aims of which was the undermining of German unity, resulted merely in provoking German resistance, with the consequent development of a stronger feeling of unity and the preparation of the ground for Nazi Germany. Subsequent renunciations, together with M. Briand's policy, always under discussion and delay, but which was finally accepted by M. Poincaré and later by M. Tardieu, were viewed in Germany rather as a legitimate vindication obtained by their own strength.

Europe's Missed Chance

It will be sufficient to recall how Europe missed her chance, when Hoover offered the moratorium, of definitely settling the question of both reparations and debts, for this move on the part of America was an open recognition of the fact that Germany's reparations and Europe's war debts were strictly connected. This chance was lost owing to the attitude of France, who clung to her claim for reparations. When circumstances forced her to make her final renunciation at Lausanne, conditions had changed in the United States and the debt question became once more a separate problem calling for solution.

Mussolini, instead, foresaw the impossibilities and, let us put it frankly, the absurdities of the Versailles Treaty, as well as of other Treaties; and has followed his own method, which is: to act by free will soon and possibly well, rather than to act by necessity later and nearly always badly.

The diplomatic history of Europe during the years following the Peace Treaty may be summed up in exactly this last sentence: act badly by necessity, after useless and exhausting discussions, with the inevitable consequence that instead of an

amicable agreement being speedily reached whereby all parties would derive benefits and enjoyment, agreements are arrived at which, delayed by endless controversies, leave the parties embittered and dissatisfied.

Overstepping the Treaty

Let us now come to the most recent appeal to the Versailles Treaty, made in the name of the observance of Part V, entitled Military, Naval and Air Clauses. The advocates of the Treaty make of this a question of principle and maintain that the principle of German re-armament cannot be admitted owing to the clauses of Part V of the Treaty. But they overlook the fact that Germany has been admitted within the League of Nations with a seat on the Council; that the premises of the so-called Disarmament Conference reminded the signatory Powers of the Treaty of Versailles of their obligations to reduce armaments; and that, finally, equality of rights was granted to Germany by the declaration of December 11, 1932, which exactly solves, in favour of Germany, the very question of principle. On the other hand, it must be perfectly clear to any person of commonsense that it is absurd to believe that there can exist a moral or historical principle whereby one country should be less armed than another. And even admitting that today this becomes a question of principle, are we prepared to apply the clauses of the Treaty, that is to say, deny to Germany re-armament over and above the limits laid down in Part V and enforce the sanctions set forth in Part XIV: guarantees of execution? Up to the present nobody seriously talks of doing this, and nobody could, after the revisions which have taken place, such as the renunciation of the occupation of the Ruhr district and the relinquishment of the right to occupy the Third Zone. Many talk instead of opposing super-armament to German re-armament, namely of a race to armaments. It is equivalent to admitting that the Versailles Treaty is being definitely overstepped. And it is exactly those self-styled advocates and guardians of the Treaty who overstep it, and practically annul it.

We here fall once more into the evil method of denying with juridical formulæ, which have no longer any juridical value, what we know must ultimately happen in reality, with the only result of having incited to rebellion those who are being reminded of these negative formulæ, and having practically granted them the right to act as they think best with the justification of self-defence. This is what has happened in Germany. In fact, governments do not seem to have learnt anything from past experiences which have harassed all the peoples of the world, and we have thus reached the gravest argument, the extreme alternatives of peace or war.

The Basis of Mussolini's Proposals

The only means for ensuring that proportion of strength which is in the true spirit of the Versailles Treaty is a convention with Germany, as indicated by Mussolini: a convention which would stabilise the limits of armaments possessed by the Greater Powers which are signatories of the Treaty; which would allow Germany certain types of armaments and modifications in the constitution of the Reichwehr, and which would establish a means of supervision. This is the only convention which fixes a limit accepted by Germany. Failing this convention, the only possible one according to Germany's statements in its favour, the Versailles Treaty will cease to exist, having been undermined by those very people who swear to defend it as a dogma.

It is therefore incorrect to state that Fascist Italy has invented, and is endeavouring to impose, a revisionary doctrine of the Versailles Treaty. The revision of the Treaty, as it has already been stated, has been taking place for the last fifteen years. What Mussolini is doing, as far as I can judge, is accepting this inevitable revisionary process as a positive fact and endeavouring to direct it, to regulate it and to control it, rather than being caught unawares, as the entire world has been doing for the last fifteen years, by its unexpected currents. Three-quarters of Mussolini's foreign policy is orientated towards this aim, which is deeply European and human. His very diffidence of the League of Nations is perfectly clear and justifiable if one reflects that the League has only been, at least until today, an instrument, and an inefficient one at that, for imprisoning Europe within the narrow limits of the Peace Treaties.

The Four Power Pact—if one looks at it objectively—has

only been conceived as a first effort (the most serious attempted since the War) to recreate in Europe that atmosphere which is the essential condition for bringing back in this old continent of ours, estranged by too many disputes and harassed by too much history, that principle of order, of co-operation and understanding, the lack and necessity of which we all so deeply feel. That is to say, to base peace no more on a rigid system which no longer answers the vaster and more complex European needs, but on a more elastic plan, capable of being adapted progressively to the ever-changing human and historical realities.

It is usual to couch the problem of revision in the following terms. There are only two ways known to history of revising maps and treaties. One is by dictation, commonly practised by victors after a decisive war. The other is by barter and exchange. In return for Danzig, the Corridor, Upper Silesia, etc., what can the defeated Powers offer? Of course nothing. The problem, couched in these terms, is undoubtedly today insoluble.

According to the Fascist viewpoint, as I see it, the problem of revision can and must, instead, be couched in these more realistic terms. Given that treaty revision has been for the last fifteen years an historical fact, Europe must, for the sake of its salvation, find a way whereby these inevitable changes will take place and become effective no longer, as it has happened until today, through violent crises and unexpected upheavals, but within a well-defined framework of collaboration and understanding between the Great Powers. And only within this framework will it be possible to overcome hopeless differences, suspicions and controversies which would otherwise continue to develop into rigid formulæ insoluble and dangerous.

In 1913 there existed in Europe a balance of power. The peace of 1919 has only been, actually, a kind of balance of weakness, necessarily less stable because based on a law so out-of-date as not to answer the changed needs of the modern world. With majestic impartiality the law, as a French writer reminds us, forbids, to rich and poor alike, to steal bread and to sleep under bridges. The question now is that of recreating a European spirit. In his last speech the Duce said: 'This old Europe must decide: either it must follow a continental policy between continents or the rudder will slip out of its hands'.

My Anglo-Saxon listeners will have a better idea of what I mean by a European spirit if they will call to mind the spirit and atmosphere which binds together, without any definite institution or constitutional ties, the various members of the British Commonwealth of Nations. It is a spirit and an atmosphere which, as everybody knows, modern political writers are endeavouring unsuccessfully to crystallise into definite juridical formulæ, but which nevertheless exist and form the very structure on which rests the entire British Empire.

This is, in my opinion, the position that Fascist Italy has taken up in respect of the Versailles Treaty, and I am very grateful to the B.B.C. for their kind invitation which has given me the opportunity of making clear a point of view—so often misunderstood—which I consider necessary to the full understanding of the spirit which has animated the Fascist regime from the March on Rome to the present day.

New Ways, New Life

(from 'The Years of Illness')

New ways, new life,
Shedding not once, but once more and again
The sheath of the past, new flowers of new life
He gathers for riches, he uncurls
Not in the ancestral house or the alley of childhood
The roots of the heart, but spreading a million fibres
Through Europe and Asia, the docks and harvest fields
And smoke-flowered tramps at sea;
Then as the mirror fades,
The individual features are altogether lost
Where over virgin plain a railway's built,
New windows open in the city Spring,
Or the crowd roars among the charging horses;
As if from the top of a mountain
The years of illness seem minute and far,
A valley rubbish-heap among the sun-swept ranges.

JOHN LEHMANN

Along the Roman Roads—V

The Icknield Way

By G. M. BOUMPHREY

THE Icknield Way can be traced from Wiltshire through Berkshire, south of Cambridge and up to the mouth of the Wash. Through Berkshire it is roughly parallel with the Ridgeway and a mile or two to the north. But while the Ridgeway runs right along the crest of the Downs, the Icknield Way follows at the foot. This shows that it must be the later track, because early man did not trust himself in the valleys at first but kept to the hill tops where there were few trees and the soil was easily worked and where he could see enemies coming. Then as time went on quite a lot of the high tracks developed lower parallel ways—which are sometimes called 'summer ways', on the assumption that they would be used mostly in dry weather. Actually, judging by finds made along it, the Icknield Way seems to have first become an important road towards the end of the Bronze Age, say from 2,500 to 3,000 years ago—long before the Ickni, or Iceni, after whom it is supposed to be called. But then all the Roman roads have Saxon names. We have no idea what they were called at the time.

Going out of Royston, a bit south of west, it is now a main road as far as Baldock and Letchworth. But it is a good road to walk all the same: past a Long Barrow—a fringe of trees along the right of the road, low hills crowned with trees ahead and, after a mile or two, open downs on the left, where the stone curlew breeds—and is protected, I'm glad to say. Five miles out I turned aside to see the little village of Ashwell, where two schoolboys have started a good little museum—and have managed to get hold of a beautiful old cottage in which to house it. Near there, too, is Arbury Banks, an Iron Age camp—though not a particularly impressive one; and not far away, Littlington, the site of a Roman villa. But the whole district is full of Roman and pre-Roman remains. At Baldock, the Icknield Way is crossed by the Essex Stane Street, and the junction of these two roads must have made Baldock a fairly important place. For although the Icknield Way wasn't made in the first place by the Romans, there is no doubt that they made use of it—and that's my excuse for using it. A mile or so short of Baldock I could see on the downs to the left any number of lynchets or terraces caused by early cultivation; and just outside the town I passed the site of a Roman-British cemetery which has yielded since 1925 the most astonishing collection of burial groups—no less than 320 of them—as well as many other interesting things.

From Baldock, the Icknield Way led me through the north of Letchworth. It seemed very strange to see 'Icknield Way' on a neat cast-iron name-plate in a neat little road with neat little houses on either side; because up to then I had only known it where it runs lonely and almost unrecognised across Oxfordshire. However, it soon slipped away from the metalled road,

through a hedge, and out into the country. Before it had gone a mile it passed Willbury Hill, where an Iron Age camp has been excavated recently. The most exciting thing found in it, strangely enough, was a skeleton. Exciting, because skeletons which can be definitely called Iron Age are almost never found, although those of before and after are fairly common. This one—of a very large man—was quite definitely dated by the crude Iron Age pottery found with it. Crude, I said; and yet only half a mile before, I had passed the spot where another piece of pottery of about the same date had been found—and this struck me as perhaps the finest thing in Letchworth

Museum—a beautiful Belgic funerary urn—a really lovely thing. This illustrates one of the difficulties archaeology has to deal with: the migrations and mixing-up of people with very different levels of culture. Quite possibly the camp at Willbury was actually inhabited by men of the Iron Age when the Belgæ from the continent buried their chief, or whoever it was, in that urn. If they saw it, they must have marvelled at the workmanship—so much finer than their own. And I wonder



From Bledlow Ridge

Photograph: Edgar Ward

how they received the strangers.

The Icknield Way leads me on down a slope, over a railway and under another, to the little river Hiz—where a ford runs between an elm and a black poplar and leads to a field of daisies and buttercups beyond—a pleasant spot. And so to the little village of Ickleford where, at the inn, George II puzzled his head as to how on earth the apple got inside the apple dumpling. A little lane between hedges led on for a mile-and-a-half to Punch's Cross, and, looking back from here, I had a view of 15 miles and more to Therfield Heath by Royston. Half-a-mile of metalled road and then my way swung up a grassy track between high hedges, white with may and guelder-rose and full of the song of birds—the chaffinch's sudden fountain of melody and the wistful little tune of the willow-wren. A mile's climbing brought me to Telegraph Hill, where there was space on the left for a glorious view back the way I had come—Ickleford, Willbury and the downs beyond Baldock—before the hedge shut in again. But only for half-a-mile. And then the hedge on the right opened and a stile invited me to walk just a hundred yards to the edge of what is said to be the original of John Bunyan's 'Delectable Mountains'.

On Pegsdon Barn you're standing on the northern brink of the chalk downs; immediately in front of you the turf sweeps down 300 feet; and beyond that spread miles and miles of Bedfordshire, Bucks and Cambridgeshire utterly unspoilt as yet. Immediately to the left a dry valley runs up into the chalk for two or three hundred yards behind you—and the lines of these chalk valleys are things to be looked at as closely as a piece of sculpture. A mile away to the left trees half hide the



At the source of the Thames, near Cricklade

Photograph: Edgar Ward



Over Dunstable

Photograph: Edgar Ward

entrenchments of Ravensburgh Castle, an old camp, in private grounds. Four miles ahead Wrest Park shows up; and over it unrecognisable miles and miles of country. To the right I could make out with my glasses Cæsar's Camp at Sandy Gap ten miles beyond Biggleswade and that is a good ten miles from where I stood. It is a grand spot, and one can understand the impression it must have made on John Bunyan.

My way took me on towards the south-west, through a lovely glade of old thorn trees, white with may—down a steep rutted track in the chalk—along a bit of country road and then once more through a deserted green lane with high hedges on either side for a mile-and-a-half to the main Luton-Bedford road, which I struck just by Warden Hill golf course. For the next three miles the Ordnance Map is a little vague as to the course taken by the Icknield Way until it marks it again at Halfway House on the main road between Dunstable and Luton. It is said to have crossed the beginning of the river Lea at Waalud's Bank in Leagrave; but I think myself it is much more likely to have stuck to the high ground a mile or two further north and cut across from Maiden Bower the other side of Dunstable straight to Ravensburgh. After all, those were the two camps it ran past, so why make for low marshy ground when there is a direct line along the sort of ridge it generally follows in that part of the country? However, I dutifully went by the map—and was rewarded by having to pass through some of the most disgusting building development I have ever seen.

The Icknield Way crosses Watling Street at Dunstable, or more probably just north of it, and at the crossing there was a Roman station called Durocibrivæ. Any number of Roman-British finds have been made at other places near, showing that the district was well inhabited at the time—many of them can be seen in the museums at Dunstable or Luton. I went to Maiden Bower, the Iron Age camp a mile to the west of Dunstable, just before sunset. It's a lovely place, and from the camp itself one doesn't realise that the quarry of a cement works has eaten into the hill on the north right to the brink (Totternhoe Camp a mile to the west has almost gone). It's a circular enclosure, perhaps 300 yards across, with a single bank round it seven or eight feet high. Judging by the number of bones of cattle that have been dug up there, it seems very likely that some of these camps were used, at any rate for a time, simply as pens for cattle—to supply the main forts. When I was there it was under corn, and the dark-blue green was almost lit up here and there by white champions. Next morning I climbed Ivinghoe Beacon before breakfast (as I prefer beauty spots without a crowd of people) and was astonished to find a small

boy of eight or nine up there before me, but no more astonished, I think, than he was to see me. We admired the view in silence—much the same as from Pegsdon Barn, but a light early morning haze blurring the details. From Ivinghoe, the map gave me a choice of two Icknield Ways, the Upper and the Lower, which run roughly parallel about a mile apart for some eighteen miles almost to Watlington. I took the one to the south, the Upper. It led me past Tring and across Akeman Street, the Roman road from St. Albans to Cirencester, which it followed for half-a-mile, through Halton and Wendover to Ellesborough. Here just south of the road is Cymbeline's Mount, a steep little spur of hill crowned with a tumulus. Here according to tradition, two of the sons of Cymbeline were killed fighting against Aulus Plautius and the Romans in the first few months of the invasion. Cymbeline, of course, was Cunobelinus, King of the Trinovantes, with his capital at Colchester. Now there's another burial there, in the little clump of beeches on the top, a stone marked 'Rob, an Irish terrier, died March 2, 1898'. A mile-and-a-half on, past Bulpit Hill, with a small camp on it, is Whiteleaf Hill, where a great cross on a triangular base is cut into the chalk. This is said to commemorate one of Alfred's battles with the Danes, and so is Bledlow Cross, four miles on. All this country is full of legends of Alfred. From Pegsdon, too, I'd looked down on the scenes of many of his exploits. But as walking country, it seems to me to leave something to be desired. It's wonderfully wooded, but too much built upon and inhabited, and most of the time the Icknield Way was a fair-sized modern road. But after Great Kimble (compare the name with Cymbeline by the way) and Whiteleaf Hill, it improved. It skirted Princes Risborough as a grassy track between hedges, ran south with the High Wycombe road for half-a-mile or so, picked up a country road for a mile-and-a-half and then reverted to its proper form as a grassy lane. Then there came over ten miles of perfect walking. At times it was a tree-hung terrace cut into the side of the downs, at times it ran parallel with them half-a-mile out on the flat; sometimes it had hawthorn hedges, but nearly always it had an avenue of trees to shade it. It was a green and white day—green hedges, trees and grass, white may and chestnut, guelder-rose and cow-parsley.

I climbed up through the woods to see Bledlow Cross, warned that it would take me much more than the ten minutes I had estimated from the map. Actually I was up and down in very little over the ten. After Chinnor the little single-track railway line from Princes Risborough to Watlington (or rather to three-quarters of a mile short of Watlington, which struck me as queer) ran beside us for a mile or two, but it isn't the

sort of railway to object to. In fact, it never had a train along it in the two hours I had it in sight. The main Oxford road from High Wycombe is crossed just by Beacon Hill and quickly forgotten again; and not far from Watlington the familiar outline of Wittenham clumps showed miles ahead—as it has a habit of doing from the most unexpected places all over Oxfordshire and Berkshire. From now on instead of skirting the foot of the Chilterns, the Icknield Way let them turn away south, and took a line of its own across the Oxfordshire downs. And grand country it is, sweeping in strong curves and folds down to the broad green valley of the Thames. The soil is a lovely *café crème* colour, shading almost to cream where the chalk shows more clearly, and patched with beautiful shapes of blue-green springing corn. Hedges are rare, to mar the fine lines of the ground. Here and there a few clumps of trees seem to have strayed from the heavily-wooded Chilterns behind, but not enough in number or size to spoil the contrast with the wonderful richness of the valley scene ahead.

At Swyncombe Down, with its so-called Danish entrenchments (Alfred again, perhaps), the ten miles of turf come to an end, and for most of the way to Goring a little flint road carries the old track. At Ewelme I turned off to see the perfect little quadrangle of almshouses by the church—one of the loveliest sights of the kind in England. Then a mile before Ipsden, the metalled lane forked east and left the old road to run as a cart-track across fields. It did this successfully for a mile-and-a-quarter and then, to my indignation, just after crossing a lane I found the Icknield Way stopped with barbed wire for a paltry hundred yards or two across a field and by growing corn sown right across it in the next. A little hedgeless lane led me on to Cleve, near Goring. There are arguments as to where the ancient track crossed the Thames. Certainly on the other side of it the Ridgeway forks several miles away into three—one for Streatley and Goring, one for Moulsoford, further upstream; and one lower down for Pangbourne. I crossed at Goring, as the nearest bridge, and then made my way north, to where the Fair Mile swings up into the Berkshire Downs from Moulsoford. It curves past a little larchwood, bright in its early green, and then runs straight and wide (70 to 80 yards in places) for a mile-and-a-half to the foot of Lowbury Hill, with its barrows and Roman Camp. Another straight mile-and-a-half brings it to its junction with the rest of the Ridgeway; and then begins what is for me the best twenty miles in England. One's chief impression at first, on these Berkshire Downs, is that of height and space. The sky is very wide and one is almost up in it with the larks that fill it with perpetual song. Far ahead for mile after mile the old Ridgeway stretches, and every skyline that it leads you over shows a slightly higher one beyond. Little woods and clumps of trees swell up just where a touch of difference is needed, and everywhere, ahead and on your left to the south, the strong curves of the downs carry your eyes always a little upwards. To the north a string of little villages, tucked round with trees, follows the parallel course of the Icknield Way along the foot of the high ground—Blewbury, Letcombe Bassett, Letcombe Regis, Kingston Lyle, Compton Beauchamp—lovely names and lovely places. And beyond them for miles and miles, over Dorchester and Abingdon, to Boars Hill and Oxford—lies the green, rich valley of the Thames. Even the sky above the Berkshire Downs seems different. It has a pearly opalescent look, caused perhaps by light reflected back from the miles and miles of short, flower-studded turf. And the soil, where an occasional field of arable allows it to be seen, is a lovely colour, a light, warm brown.

Twenty miles of this without fear of interruption is a walk not to be despised. Nine miles of it brought Segsbury Camp, a wide roughly-rectangular enclosure behind a single high bank and ditch on the very brink of the down above Letcombe. Another four, and the great earthworks of Uffington Castle on White Horse Hill top the skyline ahead. Below that, on the slope of the downs to the north, is the White Horse himself. It has been customary to look on this as the crude attempt of semi-savages to show something like a horse in a naturalistic style: but I see it as something quite different—as a real work of art, made in a day when vision was clearer—and never intended to be purely representational. Its affinity with some of the best modern art is obvious. No one knows its age or even its purpose, but in style it seems to compare with other products of the Iron Age. Below it stands Dragons Hill, on which St. George killed the dragon. And if anyone doubts this, there

are the marks where its blood trickled down the slopes and where no grass has grown from that day to this. Not far ahead lies Wayland Smith's Cave, where if you leave a horse overnight—and a piece of silver—you will find your horse shod in the morning. It is the burial chamber of a long barrow, with the earth removed, showing the huge stones, and it is surrounded by a group of beeches—altogether one of the loveliest sights on the downs. I've forgotten the Blowing Stone, a great block of sandstone, which once stood on the Ridgeway, but is now in a cottage garden half-a-mile below. On this Alfred used to blow a great blast to warn the countryside of the coming of the Danes. I sounded it all right, but I doubt if my blast would have roused a countryside. Only four miles away, to the south-west, is Ashdown Hill, where he turned at bay after his defeat at Reading and won the first of that series of victories which kept Wessex free. Needless to say, the Iron Age camp there is known as Alfred's Castle—dates or no dates!

But I must leave the downs, after a last look at the wonderful view from the culminating hill by Little Hinton—for now, as well as the north, the west is open, over the Cotswolds and Gloucester almost to Wales. A quick descent brings the other Ermine Street, a real Roman road again that runs in long stretches of dead straight from Silchester to Gloucester. It misses Swindon by a mile-and-a-half, though the influence of the town can be seen in the hideous houses at Stratton St. Margaret; and a mile before this it is joined by a Roman road from Winchester. Through Cricklade the modern road takes two sides of a triangle, but traces of the old road have been found cutting straight across the meadows. At Cirencester the Fosse Way is crossed, and then comes one of the best examples of an old Roman road triumphing over the new that I have seen. For some eight miles the road is almost dead straight, and for much of this distance it is set high on a raised causeway, up to ten feet high in places. The views, as one climbs gradually up to almost 1,000 feet, are magnificent—right back over the Cotswolds and to the Berkshire Downs more than twenty miles behind. And then comes Birdlip Hill and another stretch of five miles—a stretch which in Roman days was eight miles long, and paved. From the top you get a fine view of Gloucester and the country round it, including the gasometer, which is tastefully painted bright red. In Gloucester it is held that the city was probably a legionary fortress before the founding of Caerleon; but it is strange that little evidence has ever been found to support this. In fact the only positive clue we have to the whereabouts of the II Legion before Caerleon is a tile-stamp from Seaton in Devonshire. And so, if we are to stick to proved facts, we must rank Gloucester (Glevum as it was called) as a Roman colony or settlement of retired legionaries, like Lincoln in its later days. Little is known of its lay-out except that an ancient rectangular entrenchment about 500 by 400 yards has been traced. Part of the old wall can still be seen in the cellars of the Museum. Here, too, is the Birdlip Mirror, a famous example of Celtic metal work, and several interesting Roman-British remains. North and south from Gloucester, Roman roads ran to Tewkesbury and Worcester and to Sea Mills, the Bristol Channel port for the Mendips. To the west ran the road to Wales, through Monmouthshire. But the Roman conquest of Wales—and my own more peaceful penetration of it—will have to wait now till next week, if you'll excuse a very slight deviation from my programme.

A reader has asked whether we cannot publish from time to time addresses of societies which are working to alleviate distress among the unemployed. The best procedure for those anxious to help is, of course, to get in touch with their local Unemployed Centre; and those who live in a neighbourhood where there is little unemployment can obtain information of distressed areas from the National Council of Social Service, 26 Bedford Square, W.C.1. The Personal Service League, 37 Grosvenor Place, S.W.1, is always anxious to receive clothing, shoes, etc., for distribution to those who are out of work; while the Society of Friends, Friends House, Euston Road, N.W.1, is especially interested in the provision of the allotment gardens for the unemployed for which an appeal was broadcast last autumn. An appeal was broadcast last Sunday by Miss Megan Lloyd George on behalf of the Grith Fyrd Camps, reference to whose work was made recently on our editorial pages. Readers will remember Mr. S. P. B. Mais' description of his visit to the camps during his 'S.O.S.' series of talks last year.



Offa's Dyke, on Hergan Hill, Shropshire

By courtesy of the National Museum of Wales.

*Science in the Making**History Revived by Science*

By GERALD HEARD

HITLER'S been enjoying himself, telling the Germans not only where they are to go but where they've come from. I expect few of us ever thought history was going to make all this difference. Of course, it's not what historians call history. In fact, they are all astounded at these descriptions which Hitler gives of the Germans' past. But all the historians, with all their detailed facts, don't seem able to check this queer and dangerous folk-tale telling. Why? I believe the reason is that the historians haven't been able to make history into a science. Why are there all these bitter confusions, all appealing to history, going on now? These Nordic notions? These Aryan clauses? The French making a friendly critic ask, 'Is God a Frenchman?' The Turks teaching in their history books that all civilisation began with a Turk!

The answer to all this is that history isn't yet a science. But it is important that science should advance here, for history matters. As men believe the past to have been, so they believe they have particular rights, precedents and authority to shape the future. History is often called a tapestry woven by Fate—a good simile. But if you only had a snippet six inches long, how could you say what the picture was meant to be? That's the main trouble with history—we haven't enough of it. With the little scraps we have, we can't be sure what the pattern is, and if we can't show that pattern quite clearly—well, then, all the dictators make up stories to prove that they and their peoples are, as Americans put it, 'God's own people', and so everyone else must give way to them.

Our documents don't go back nearly far enough. They only get us back some 150 generations, and by then they are absurdly sketchy and we can't even be sure of the very dates themselves. Beside, historical writers, even when they profess to be writing history and not private letters, only tell us what they want us to know. The history of the Roman Empire was carefully kept, and much has lasted. But till science got to work with the spade we never knew that York, as important a city then as now, had been sacked when it was still supposed to be in the Roman Empire; we never knew why the Roman wall across the waist of Scotland; the Antonine Wall, was surrendered. We have only just learnt, through digging, that large parts of the outlying Roman Empire had long collapsed before Rome dared own it had lost anything. And the so-called Dark Ages that followed, when our race and customs were growing up here, have been dark because undocumented.

Now the scientific spade is letting in light. Take, for instance, Offa's Dyke*—for most of us only a dim name for a dim ridge of mounds on the Welsh border. Now the spade, like a

master detective, can certainly tell us more about it than Offa himself would have let his historian say. Laying bare its tracks we find it was no grand assertion of Saxon expulsion against the beaten British. It's no Great Wall of China, but the result of a frontier agreement and demarcation. Sacred places are respected in a way which must have scandalised strategy, and even Welsh fishing rights down on the Wye are given courteous room.

Still, such detailed facts, though interesting to us on the spot, don't help us to understand history as a whole, to make a science of history. But it is at that task that scientific spade-work comes most into play—where even names, sagas and folk-tales stop and we are faced with the night of absolute ignorance. The spade isn't merely correcting and amplifying history: it, and it alone, can write all those first chapters, those chapters without which we can never have enough history to see the pattern as a whole and so to make a science. Look, for example, at the work which has been done since the War in Mesopotamia. Not only have scientific diggers, such as Mr. Woolley, made real, by finding their houses and jewellery, the names of numbers of kings who lived round about the Flood—yes, and found what is, pretty certainly the silt of the Deluge itself—but he has found the work of kings who till then had been even unnamed. Just now we have learnt that after twelve years' digging at the bottom of a fifty-foot pit at Ur of the Chaldees, Mr. Woolley has at last reached the end of that particular chapter of history which has never been read before. He has traced to its beginnings a city which had already forgotten its beginnings when Abraham lived there, and yet the spade shows this city itself, when it began, was not at the beginning of civilisation. For that we shall have to search elsewhere. The spade has laid bare the site where Ur, the fabulously ancient, was simply a town of squatter colonists as raw as any new Australian mining village today.

And, as in all scientific work, the method of finding is really as wonderful as the find itself. Detective stories interest all of us, not because the criminal gets caught, but because he is caught so neatly, because of the skill which goes to his catching. History revived by science—for that is what archaeology is—is detective work far finer than any Sherlock Holmes ever used. As most of us have learnt, the super-sleuth as a catcher of criminals is more in the magazine and our fancy than in Scotland Yard. But detective science in reconstructing the vanished past has brought detection to such a pitch that with bits of pottery which look to the casual onlooker no more than fragments of a well-broken jam-jar, the trained archaeologist

*The whole of Offa's Dyke has been surveyed by Dr. Cyril Fox, Director of the National Museum of Wales at Cardiff, and his findings published in *Archæologia Cambrensis*, 1926-31

can now trace the movements of tribes and peoples right across Europe—in fact, the movements of our ancestors before they were Englishmen.

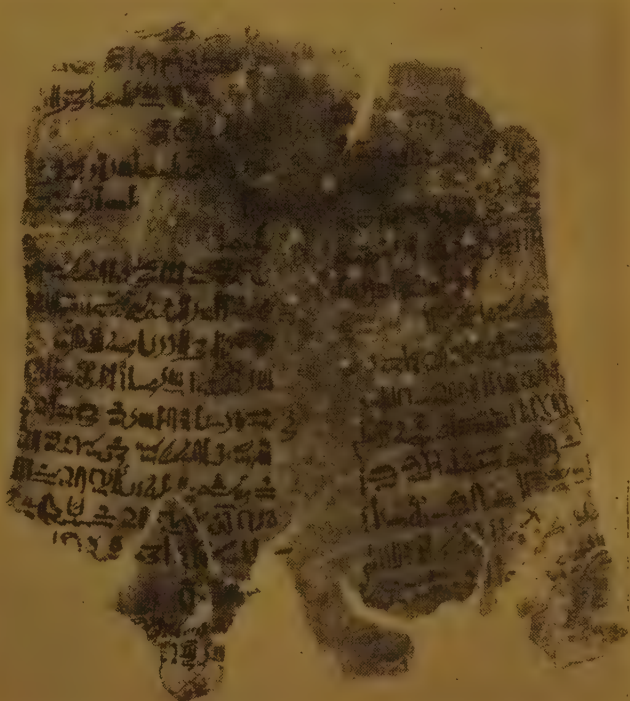
Behind that again we get the age when men were giving up bronze and learning to forge the new terrible iron weapons—a discovery in destruction which upset civilisation even more than did the discovery of explosives. That is a time we need to know more about. It was one of the great turning-points of history. But you have to be a detective to find out exactly where it was taking place, and how this deadly invention spread. For iron is like an explosive—deadly, but soon dispersed. Bronze remains. On some sites then, you have to test the site chemically to find whether iron weapons had been buried there or not. All trace of them has gone, and to the ordinary searcher it seems obvious in such a place that the people of that date could not yet have had iron. Next comes the question: why did the people who first had iron think it was magical? Not merely because it cut so well. No: they called it the Metal of Heaven. Chemistry discovered what that name meant. It was quite true. The earliest iron weapons are made of nickel-iron—just that nickel-iron that meteors are made of. No wonder people thought that knives made of meteorite must be magical.

Go further back: whence did the first people who used copper get their ore? Again, chemical analysis has shown that this copper comes from one place. So we trace out one of the world's first trade-routes. Still further back go these detectives searching out our past, and with camel-hair brushes and scalpels they are laying bare the remains of stone-age men who lived and died and vanished so long ago that no civilised people, however ancient, had ever heard of them. There has been at the British Museum a wonderful show illustrating finds of these stone-age peoples made in the caves of Mt. Carmel in Palestine. Though the bodies had been buried in stony earth for many thousands of years, yet so skilfully were they recovered that you can see their heads still wreathed with the bead-garlands with which they were crowned on the day they died.

What was the world like then, we wonder, and at once this detective science starts reconstructing not merely the people—alas! the number of cleft human bones suggests they were cannibals—but also reconstructing their climate. The gazelle bones found at an upper level suggest desert—that gazelle is now only found in desert Persia. Deeper are found bones of a forest-loving deer—evidently we are getting back to a damper climate. Deeper again are found the bones of a hyena now living far down in tropical Africa, crocodile bones and a small bit of the soft-shelled turtle, a species which likes warm-damp. Here are clues which suggest a tropical climate with steamy swamps and rivers. About these clues there is no

doubt in experts' judgment, but when you look at these worn flakes of crumbling bones you are amazed at the detective skill that can read the important message carried by fragments we should toss aside as rubbish. And this skill at deciphering what seems nothing to the untrained eye is always growing. All the sciences are drawn on to help. Chemistry is always to the fore. But chemistry itself is a clumsy detector beside the latest methods—the use of infra-red radiation. This helps us peculiarly with documents. When the Sinai Codex of the Bible was being bought, many people objected: haven't we got perfectly good life-size photographs of it? Why want the original? The answer is that we really don't know whether we have yet read all of it, and the parts of which it can be said they certainly don't start to the eye, may well prove the most startling and important. No ordinary photograph can tell us all, because the common photo-plate only records the surface. We have to search underneath. For the people who wrote these MSS. and first took care of them didn't respect the letter or the parchment very much. If you knew of another version you often wrote in your rendering on to the MSS. Some of these other readings are immensely important. Sometimes the only knowledge we have that there was another version are these casual notes which the unknown reader jotted on the official text. Later on people scratched out most of these valuable notes, but often infra-red photography can detect the writing. So these sunken comments, these second thoughts, which the third-rate authorities thought they had censored and expunged for ever, glimmer through to us again, far down in the well of years, sunken but not lost.

Indeed, this scientific detection applied to history makes us ask, 'Is anything lost? Can anything be concealed?' A generation ago, the way we can put together what had seemed shattered for ever and read what is obviously no longer there would have seemed like magic. Can we be sure we have reached the limits of scientific detection? I think not. The more science tells us about matter the more we have to realise that all materials, even the hardest and least impressionable, are nothing of the sort. They are all made up of forces which are always being influenced by the conditions which surround them, and we don't know how long they may retain such impressions. Look at steel—the hardest of the common metals, and yet through magnetisation it can be made so that it is sensitive to the earth's magnetic current, a thing of which our senses are utterly unaware. You probably know also about the steel tape recording machine, through which important speeches can be preserved and then given out when listeners are ready to switch on. The way it does that illustrates vividly how our unaided senses can fail utterly to tell us how full of information a perfectly plain-looking object may be. I'm still



How infra-red ray photography is used to elucidate old records

Two photographs of an Egyptian leather roll, taken (left) with a panchromatic plate, showing what would be seen with the normal eye, and (right) with infra-red plate, giving clarity little inferior to the original state

British Museum



Skull wreathed with beads excavated at Mount Carmel

By permission of the British School of Archaeology in Jerusalem and the American School of Prehistoric Research

surprised when I look at a gramophone disc and see the tiny dints and scratches which can preserve the music of a whole orchestra. But at least there are these dints as evidence that the disc is loaded with something. With the steel tape recording machine, the record is only a plain strip of metal, about

as broad as a shoe-lace. Simply by electrically charging it, it can be made to carry the sound record with voices, music, cheers, etc., of some historic occasion, and keep it, perhaps for ever. But looking at an uncharged and a charged strip run under the microscope or under ultra-violet light none can discover which is plain metal and which loaded with history. Only running it through the machine will tell you that.

So when one sees how helpless one's ordinary senses are to help us here, one realises how we cannot yet say whether all the other relics we study have yet yielded up all the impressions that may be stored in them. One thing is, however, coming to light. With these new methods we can make a history so clear and ample that at last we may know something really about our past, we may get rid of the fairy-tales based on ignorant vanity and prejudice which are such a danger today, and I believe we shall see a picture of mankind which will make us realise our unity as a single human race, the

unity of civilisation, and the necessity that we shall not make vain the great effort of the past by childish misrepresentations. That is what science can do, and is doing, for history. It, and it alone, can recover for us the true history. Of all our immediate needs, perhaps that is now the most pressing.

Mind the Doctor

Treatment by Mental Analysis

By A DOCTOR

HOWEVER tired you may be when you go to bed tonight I don't suppose you would oversleep yourself if you had to catch an early train tomorrow morning for a holiday at the seaside or on the moors or some other pleasant place. Yet it is quite certain a good many people do find it difficult to get out of bed in the morning: if they're not late, at least they're grumpy and are slightly unpleasant. If you are like that, very possibly you are also one of those people who have that Monday morning feeling, which is, of course, definitely one of the troubles suffered by those who are in routine jobs that they're not particularly interested in.

Do You Curl Up When You're Asleep?

If you search your mind you will find that there are clearly things that you dislike or are apprehensive of, going on there. If you enjoy meeting difficulties you will always get up like a lark. That is broadly the truth. It is an interesting point, and many people have noted it in the past, that if you sleep straight out when you are in bed, or if you are curled up, that may indicate your attitude to life. It is often certainly true that if you sleep straight out you are a man who meets his problems standing up—standing up to life; or perhaps you are one of those folk who unfortunately curl up under the difficulties of life.

It is often quite worth while to see what lies behind our everyday difficulties. Now, of course, with a number of illnesses which are more due to disorders of the mind than to physical causes it is certainly essential to try and find out the cause. Take the case, for example, of a man who, just after the War, was still walking with a limp and still had to use two sticks. He had been a non-commissioned officer in the cavalry—in the Regulars—and on investigation it was found that when he was in the Retreat from Mons in 1914 and they were being pursued by the German cavalry, he was thrown from his horse and dragged with one foot in the stirrup. He was grazed badly, but not seriously wounded, and about three weeks in hospital put that right. But then the old fear which

he had never managed to deal with at all, came out, and he developed this paralysis or partial paralysis in his leg which had lasted after twelve or thirteen years. Now just as he was helped to recall his memories the story came out, and with it a whole lot of the old emotion, and he lost his symptoms entirely. As a matter of fact he was one of those interesting, rather miraculous, cases; he walked out of the room that day leaving his sticks behind him.

Or think of a man with a history of nearly forty years' depression, who, after months of groping amongst early memories, uncovers an episode of feeling some unduly great emotion, is cured. Now, troubles of this sort are so obviously due to old emotional difficulties that it is clear we must use some method of mental analysis to understand them and to clear them up. It is very curious when you think about it, how we attach special meanings to particular words, and associate them with various old ideas, pleasant or unpleasant. Often we don't notice it, but we do it quite constantly. I have already used one of the words that worry us most—one which has for many of us the most unpleasant possible associations. So many people are scared of that word 'mental'. But as a matter of fact, all our feelings and thoughts are examples of mental reactions. If you lose your temper, or if you are afraid of something, that obviously is a mental state. You can go further, and say that at such times you are not really of sound mind, because if you are carried away by emotion which you cannot control, clearly you are unbalanced, even though for only a short time. May I digress here and say that it would be so much better if we could make much freer use of that word 'mental disorder' rather than use such respectable but meaningless expressions as 'nerves'? Many of you have known people who suffered from so-called 'nerves', who really thought something was the matter with their nervous system, and very likely they had seen that extremely clever advertisement of partly-destroyed nerve cells that confirmed them in this idea. In actual fact, when you suffer in that way, as you have no doubt begun to discover from

these talks, it is your mind which is at fault, and there is nothing wrong with the structure of your body.

Since people's *minds* are ill one must have treatment by mental means. Psychotherapy—Mind—the Doctor. You can persuade a few people out of their symptoms. You can use suggestion as you heard last week—or you can try to do something more radical than that. If you were worried with a pain in the lower right half of your abdomen you might, of course, instead of going to a doctor, take something to relieve that pain, and next day realise that you had, in fact, neglected a serious attack of appendicitis. In medicine we always try to do more than treat symptoms.

In psychological medicine, therefore, we need mental analysis. It is obvious that we must, where possible, unravel the particular difficulties that are responsible for the patient's illness. We want to get at the cause of his trouble, just as much as the surgeon does in a case of appendicitis. We must, therefore, analyse out the causes of a breakdown, and we may indeed need to go further back than the time of the breakdown. In order to understand why a particular man was of a certain type, and unable, therefore, to meet particular difficulties, we may, perhaps, need to apply deep analysis or psycho-analysis, the special method started by Sigmund Freud, which will take us right back to the very beginnings of the patient's development.

If you are in business and something has gone wrong with the accounts of your firm, you straightaway call in an accountant whose first job is to analyse those accounts and to tell you where things went wrong and how to put them right. There is nothing stranger about mental analysis than there is about that. The aim of analysis is to make the patient conscious of his real difficulties and conflicts, and to make it possible for him to accept these so that he can find a solution for them, or, at any rate, a better one than he had previously found.

You will have realised from the other talks of this series that the origins of our neurotic difficulties are usually unconscious, somewhere tucked away at the back of our minds, only partially realised, or quite forgotten, as in those instances I gave you just now. If you go to a play tomorrow and you find that the setting and the costumes are of twenty or thirty years ago, your mind will probably be carried back to all sorts of forgotten episodes and feelings. You say, 'Oh, I wonder how old Smith and Brown are—I haven't thought of them for so many years'. That is an instance familiar to all of us of the association of ideas by which old memories and old emotions, sometimes pleasant and sometimes unpleasant, are revived. Similarly, the smell of certain flowers will sometimes take you back to particular incidents in your earlier life.

Stimulus Words

We use this method of 'free association' in mental analysis. There is a test known as the 'word association test' in which the doctor reads out a list of words—stimulus words, we call them—and the patient is asked to say the first word or idea which comes into his mind as a response. Some people will only give you a 'clang' or rhyming association: 'bell—tell'; 'village—pillage'; some will always tend to give you a word expressing the opposite idea: 'cold—hot'. And some who don't want to be thought stupid will give you definitions. In certain cases, however, you will touch on pleasurable or definitely painful associations, and there may be quite considerable delay in response. The normal time for a response is between one and two seconds, but there may be a delay perhaps of five or six seconds, or more, and this perhaps is a guide to the doctor, or an indication of some complex or special difficulty in the patient's mind.

Let me give you a simple example of analysis by free association. There was a man who complained that he was always bothered by the desire to kick dogs whenever he saw them. His doctor told him to relax, lying on the settee, to shut his eyes and make a picture of himself kicking a dog, and then to talk out aloud everything that came into his mind. As a matter of fact, no picture of this kind actually came; he produced a number of pictures of himself avoiding dogs which barked, hurrying past gates from which he knew dogs might emerge. His mind took him further back to pictures of earlier frightening episodes. In the War he had felt terribly afraid, but he had stood up, with quite remarkable courage, to the dangers of the front line. His mind went back to school where he was being dared to walk along a high wall. He wouldn't show fear, so he

chose to walk along an even higher and much more dangerous wall. And so on the memories went back to a picture which seemed to him quite imaginary, of himself as a small boy of three, with his two older brothers of five and seven, on the lawn at home. They were holding a rope for him to jump, but he funk'd it, and they set up a cry of 'cowardy, cowardy, custard!' Well, when you are three, and people who are double your age call you a coward, it hurts. Now if you reverse the order of these various scenes, you will see a picture of this boy growing up ashamed of his fears, and having to prove himself brave, getting exaggerated fears in consequence, and ultimately, in manhood, being unpleasantly aware of a desire to get his own back on the tiresome dogs who reminded him of his fears. That, of course, is a very potted version of the analysis which made it possible for that particular man to laugh himself out of his fear and difficulty about dogs. You probably, however, can follow the general idea of the method.

In mental analysis there are other methods used, beside that of free association. Drawings and paintings which are spontaneous will often contain a lot that is symbolic and which may throw light on a patient's difficulties or problems. Just as a child, if given his freedom to play with a doll's house and its occupants, will often reconstruct the domestic scene of home as he would like it to be, so in paintings and drawings we can often realise what is going on in the mind of the artist.

Day-dreams or fantasies also provide useful material for understanding unconscious factors. Some of our day-dreams are just compensatory. If we are hard up we may make a lovely picture of winning a sweepstake; if we are worried about our fears we may see, perhaps, ourselves rescuing people from burning houses, or doing something equally distinguished.

If you take a sheet of paper and you put a blob of ink in the middle of it and then fold it through the blot so that the blot is squashed out in all directions, you will get an interesting shape, symmetrical, and rather like a butterfly as a rule. As you look at these queer outlines all sorts of shapes and ideas and pictures are suggested to your mind; and if you start telling a fairy story about it, the story you will tell is probably quite different from those that your friends may tell. We are all likely to see something in these shapes which will start up our own special fantasies. The man who is scared of his father will probably see giants—those who fear their mothers will probably see witches, and so on. The method has actually been standardised as a research method by certain workers.

No Fixed Interpretation of Dreams

Dreams, of course, provide a most useful method of understanding the deeper content of our mind, but remember that they are not prophetic in any way, and there is no fixed symbolism by which you can interpret them. You must understand the actual make-up and circumstances of the dreamer before you can see the meaning of his dream.

You cannot analyse yourself: at least, you cannot analyse out factors which are unconscious—some second person is necessary as observer and critic. Most of us, you know, have no need whatever of mental analysis; many of us who have neurotic difficulties would certainly be the better for it. It's not a cure-all, for there aren't any panaceas in medicine. It is just a commonsense and scientific method of helping people find out how to get straight.

I hope that what I have said now perhaps will make some of you less afraid of mental analysis, and more ready to encourage those people who need that kind of help to seek for it. If we are to help the neurotic, who feels rather as though he were standing on the edge of a precipice, if we wish to get rid of that sense of a tragic destiny which so many nervous sufferers feel, we must be able to let in the light of reason and understanding, for nothing else is going to be very much use to them.

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Time to Spare!

An Ex-Army Officer on the Road

By AN UNEMPLOYED MAJOR

WE have all listened with a great deal of sympathy to the talks by unemployed men and women in this series. The speakers have mostly described conditions of industrial unemployment, and that, of course, constitutes the vast bulk of unemployment in this country. But unemployment is not limited to one section only. The trade depression has in one way or another affected all sections, and has inevitably brought hardship—though of course in much smaller numbers—to some of those who held good positions as managers, executives, or those for whom no room could be found in business and who therefore could never get a start. I am here as a representative of this smaller type of unemployment. We are fewer in number and therefore not so obvious, and perhaps that is why many people are not even aware of our existence.

Invalided Out of the Army

I was educated at a public school and went into the Army, after going through Sandhurst. I served abroad, both before and during the War. I was lucky enough never to be seriously disabled, except in general health. At the end of the War I found myself in a pretty rotten condition, but still able to go on soldiering until 1922, when I was invalided out. My life for some years after that consisted of time in hospital and time out, with my savings, which were never very large, diminishing a little all the time. They would have gone more quickly if the Ministry of Pensions had not helped me along until 1926. At first I went to nursing homes, then to private wards in hospitals, and finally to public wards, and I must say that everywhere the utmost was done to put me right.

As soon as possible I started earning my living in the insurance world. This started well, and I put most of my capital into the business, but unfortunately I eventually lost nearly all my money in the venture. From now on things began to look serious. I no longer lived in an hotel—it was a bed-sitting room for me now. I had another shot at insurance work, but soon decided that an old soldier was no good at that. Then I got a good job with a machine accountancy firm. I was getting on well, but my old trouble started again, and back to hospital I went.

That was last year. When I came out I had very little money indeed, and was quite unfit to look for work. I had to go away to convalesce, and that took the rest of what I had. I came up to London and by that time I was right up against it. I had 3s. in my pocket when I arrived. You may wonder why I didn't approach my friends or family. As to my family—they are out in China, and not well off themselves. As for friends—I really couldn't face asking them for help. At this time I tried to avoid my friends and was afraid of meeting them. I would walk a long way to avoid meeting them in the street. I hated passing my clubs in the West End. Something, however, had to be done, and I was given an introduction to a man in Brighton, who had been successful in finding jobs.

Walking to Brighton—and Back

So off I went, late that same night. It took me a good long time to get there; the weather was frightfully hot and the road dusty. I took what sleep I could by the side of the road, and bought penny buns and tea to keep me going. I had to make my 3s. last as long as possible. When I got to Brighton I had a clean up, under the clock-tower—this cost me 3d., but my one chance depended on looking smart. I turned my collar inside out. Then when finally I arrived with my letter I was told the man whom I had come to see had left for France. I spent that day resting and started back at night to London.

As soon as I arrived I got an introduction to a very big firm in Bristol and started off at once. It was 118 miles to Bristol. I wouldn't do it again. I still had to exist on a few coppers a day, but this time I had to buy a new collar before presenting myself. The firm were very decent to me and willing to take me, but the medical examination stumped me. I remember feeling that that was the biggest blow I'd ever had. It really seemed then as if everything had finished.

The idea of the walk back to London frightened me, but London seemed to offer the best hope. All unemployed men sooner or later try to get back to London. So off I started. By the time I reached Thatcham I had nothing left at all: my last penny had been spent on a cup of coffee miles back on the road. It was the middle of the night and I was dead beat. I went into a day-and-night café used by lorry drivers. I had used it on my way down to Bristol. The owner was called 'Curly'. He was a very decent chap and soon guessed my position. There was one other customer there, and at Curly's suggestion he offered me a lift to London, and also stood me a square meal. He's affectionately known as Bob to the lorry drivers on the Bath Road. On the way to town he got my story from me and offered me his lorry for a home, with his permission to use his coats and blankets. 'Sue' was the name of the lorry, and for 3½ months I lived on her, acting as lorry-driver's 'buck' or mate, and getting my keep in return. It was a good time. Lorry drivers are a fine crowd, though they often look villainous enough. They all get to know each other as they travel up and down the Great West Road. They couldn't make me out at first. They thought I was a police spy, or an agent of the Ministry of Transport. I was generally known as 'the gentleman's gentleman companion'—Bob being the gentleman. Afterwards I was accepted as one of them and known as the 'Skip'.

It was frightfully hard work, but a grand life, and all the time I was getting fitter. But as luck would have it by the time Christmas came along I got ill again—this time with erysipelas—and had to leave my lorrying. I was sorry. When I got better I found that Bob was held up down in Bristol, and I found myself at a dead end again. Then I really became down and out. I was new to it and didn't know the ropes. I didn't know where I could get shelter or food. I nearly starved, though I had long ago found that one can do without food for a much longer period than most people think possible.

'Unemployable and Unwanted'

The first night I thought I ought to keep walking; it was very cold. It was January this year. So I walked round by Harrow. I had nothing to eat, either that day or the next. but, as I say, one can do without food for longer than one thinks. Perhaps it was my Army training that helped me. Of course hunger makes one feel sick, and there's nothing to be sick on. After a while one's mind gets a curious sense of detachment, the physical suffering hardly seems to belong to one. It becomes impersonal. It is at this stage that one gets one's worst fears, when one sees oneself as someone utterly useless in the world, unemployable and unwanted. Everybody else seems so sure of themselves.

The next night it rained very hard. I went to St. Martin-in-the-Fields, and slept in the crypt. It was a dreadful night. I couldn't sleep, so got up early and began walking again. One of the men at the crypt told me of another shelter, a home for the destitute. I spent the next night there—it was filthy and the straw mattresses had bugs. It was the worst night I've ever spent.

It was after leaving there that I heard of another place in Belvedere Road, 'H.10'. I didn't like the sound of it, but a bobby whom I asked recommended it, so I went along. And here, at last, I found the place which I had been longing for. The nearest approach is coming out of battle and going into hospital. After the strain it's wonderful. Here at this hostel they let fellows like myself live, and give us time to take stock. It's no longer a continual worry as to food. They fit one out with clothes and feed one well. I no longer mind meeting my friends. This hostel is always hard-up for clothes, and I often think back to the time when I could so easily have given the suits which I had worn to places like these, but didn't because I didn't know about them.

Of course my difficulties were chiefly caused by ill-health, but during my wanderings I have met hundreds of cases like mine, and of course a good many that were worse than mine. The hardship really falls on the married man who has a

responsibility towards a wife and children. The worry and anxiety which they go through must be quite indescribable. I at any rate was on my own and had to fight only for myself. But there are others who have held high positions, who have been thrown out of work through no fault of their own, who have spent their savings and have eventually found themselves with no money and no prospects, yet with a family, somehow, to keep. Theirs is the really hard fight.

Clearing House and Club Room

By RONALD OGDEN

IT is certainly true that trade depression has hit all sections of the community. Many, who for years have held executive or managerial positions, have found themselves thrown out of work—not through any fault of their own, but because contracting industry could find no place for them.

Perhaps you read in the papers a little while ago the case of a man who lost a good job in the City. He was so anxious not to worry his wife that he continued to travel up to the City every day by his usual train, returning again in the evening, just as he had done before he lost his position, in order to make her think he was still in work. He spent his time trying to find employment, but without success. At last the strain of walking idly about London and trying to keep up this tragic pretence became too much for him, and his body was found in the river. Of course, cases such as this are happily rare. It does show, however, what a man can be driven to in an extreme circumstance.

Somehow tragedies of this sort, and the sort that we have heard about a few moments ago, must be prevented. There are, as the ex-Major told you, hostels and societies which are helping, and which need all the support that they can get. Even the one which he told you about, the one that came as a salvation to him, is partially closing down through lack of money to keep it going.

But there are other ways in which such men can be helped. I myself was out of work; I know the loneliness and despair which can overtake a man when he finds that the industrial and commercial machine seems to have no use for him.

What is happening to these capable men, men whom industry will need again when business picks up? They are lost from sight. They may be dissipating their energies and intelligence by selling from door to door. No one knows of them. Their chance of being useful to the community in the kind of positions they once held has gone.

And so last year, with a kitchen table and a few borrowed typewriters, with a group who were, like me, out of work, I started an Employment Society for unemployed men of executive experience. The need for such a Society became obvious at once, and we have already a register—carefully classified—of 1,500 fully qualified men. Perhaps you would like to know something of the object of this Society. It is to form a centre whereby men of executive experience can be kept in touch with industry, and where industry can go for men of this type when it requires them. For this purpose we have an appointments department where each man's experience and qualifications are carefully analysed and tabulated. We also have a club room where members have access to a number of trade journals and other technical literature. The club room gives an opportunity for men of this type to get away from this sense of isolation which they feel so acutely, by enabling them to meet each other and discuss their common problems.

I wonder whether some of you who are listening are employers? If so, we hope that you will make use of the Society—the British Executive Employment Society—whenever you have an executive or managerial vacancy to fill. If those of you who have held such positions and are now unemployed, write to me, c/o the B.B.C., I will give you further particulars.

Tura's Madonna Enthroned



National Gallery

Madonna and Child Enthroned, by Cosimo Tura

We regret that, owing to a misunderstanding, Mr. Clive Bell's article last week, in the 'What I Like in Art' series, was illustrated by Tura's 'Madonna' in the National Gallery, and not the 'Madonna and Child Enthroned' to which Mr. Bell was referring. We now reproduce the work that he actually described.

In Trouble—VIII

Women in Prison

By MARGERY FRY

Miss Fry was for many years the Hon. Secretary of the Howard League for Penal Reform, and was a member of the Home Office Street Offences Committee in 1928

I HAVE often thought how amusing it would be to find oneself suddenly transported into the world of the detective novelists; its population is completely different from any that we know; for instance, the proportion of dukes to other peers and of peers to commoners is overwhelmingly greater than in the world of fact. And every peer has, of course, his butler, of whom about half are detectives and the other half criminals. There is always a lady secretary in attendance. If she is fair-haired and an orphan she will discover the criminal and marry the detective. If she is blacker-visaged and swarthy, or red-headed and seductive, she is at the heart of the crime and far more dangerous than any mere male. We used to be able to spot her at once by her red mouth and her cigarette, but now that plenty of respectable ladies use lipstick and tobacco those simple signs are no longer enough to indicate the 'villainess'.

Everybody can correct the novelist's world by their own knowledge so far as the abundance of dukes is concerned, but so many people take all their knowledge of criminals from detective stories that I am afraid you will be disappointed to hear that there will be nothing in what I have to say about these romantic sirens. A little aroma of sham romance may, perhaps, cling to the subject as you reach the gates of Holloway Prison. Camden Road is an undistinguished part of London and one of its few features is the imposing gateway of Holloway built last century when there still seems to have been a hope that you could frighten people into virtue by frowning architecture. The castellated entrance does succeed in impressing some of its inhabitants with the belief that they are lodged in one of London's historic monuments, with its portcullis-like gateway and the heraldic beasts over its inner door.

Serious Crime Among Women is Rare

But when once that door is shut it is a very unromantic pathetic world you find yourself in. If there are any sirens there, they are effectually disguised in print dresses, clumsy shoes and cotton caps, and the immense walls and clanging iron gates seem a disproportionate precaution against the rather feeble folk within. Not that there are no dangerous people amongst them; but serious crime among women is happily rare. For the whole of England and Wales the convict women number about 60, of whom the 'stars' or first offenders and the one woman at present under preventive detention are lodged at Aylesbury, and the rest are at Holloway. In fact, the total average daily number of women imprisoned, not counting the 114 girls in the Borstal Institute at Aylesbury, was only 697, according to the statistics for 1932, which are the most recently published. Of those, 321 were in Holloway, and the rest scattered amongst some eight other prisons.

Perhaps I ought to explain here that convicts are prisoners who are serving sentences of penal servitude always for three years or more, while the rest of the women are serving sentences of less than two years and most of them for much shorter terms. In 1932, 4,608 women served sentences in prison. Out of these about 69 in every 100 were sent for a month or less; only 4 per cent. were sentenced to more than 6 months. These figures in themselves show that very serious crime is exceptional. In fact, some of the prisoners hardly seem to be such grave enemies of society as to need shutting away at all. Cases that I have known come to my mind. An old lady who could neither afford to pay her rates nor bring herself to sell the house her son had built before his death, and who was re-arrested again and again for the rates which had piled up afresh while she was in prison. Another mother who had refused to give the address of her mentally defective boy who had run away from an institution and got himself a job. A pleasant gypsy woman who, after all, was only giving the credulous what they asked for when she told them their fortunes. Even the women convicted of murder are not, for the most part, people likely to commit a second dangerous crime. One overwhelming emotion; jealousy perhaps, or perhaps even

a confused idea of saving their victim from a worse fate, has swept them off their feet into their terrible action.

But the great bulk of women prisoners do not belong either to the class of grave offenders or to victims of an over-zealous law. For the most part, though, they very likely are not any 'worse' morally, than plenty of respectable people outside. They are distinguished by their habit of making a nuisance of themselves to other people. Many of them are misfits. The tragedy of the square peg in a round hole is that it not only bruises its own corners but rubs its neighbour's patience bare. To this class belongs the not infrequent prisoner whose fits of ill-temper lead her to making violent assaults which land her in prison.

Poverty Emphasises Maladjustments

Very often a misfit is the result more of misfortune than of fault; sometimes of mere physical handicaps. You may still find in prisons or Borstal Institutions people who have undergone the cruel changes brought about by sleepy sickness, or epileptics suffering from the nervous instabilities of their disease. And poverty always tends to emphasise the maladjustments and turn them into offences. The wealthy woman can tiddle herself silly in her dining-room and only annoy her own household, whilst the woman of the slums will express herself too forcibly as she leaves the public-house and will get arrested for being drunk and riotous.

Taking the 1932 figures again we find that if you take into account only the women who are actually serving sentences, leaving out those who were in prison on remand or awaiting trial, 38 out of every 100 of the daily average had got into trouble through drinking. In the year 1932 there were 1,863 sentences of women for such offences, but many of these referred to the same people. It would be a mistake to suppose that there are as many habitual offenders as that. The Prison Commissioners calculate that a stage army of 400 or 500 women accounts for the greater number of these convictions. It is worth while, too, to remember that in 1913 the number was eight times as large.

Need for New Methods with Habitual Drunkards

There is no doubt that chronic alcoholism leads to a condition where mere good intentions are powerless, a condition we can only describe as diseased. Before the War there did exist State Inebriate Homes to which habitual offenders could be sent away by the Courts for longer periods. During the War they were abandoned and I do not think anyone regretted them much. Very little had been done in them by way of treatment and few people were cured. But a more efficient institutional treatment under a similar law is surely what is wanted for these chronic drunkards; not a prison with longer sentences and another name, but a real hospital for the special treatment of their infirmity where all that modern science knows about it could be brought to their help. I believe that the law as it stands today would allow of this being done. There might have to be compulsion to insist on their remaining in the institution, but I do not see that it need have any idea of punishment about it. Many of these people are middle-aged women, and a little sympathy will make one understand the strength of the temptation to obtain a moment of fictitious strength and a short spell of well-being by over-drinking. Not only is it impossible to give these habitual drunkards proper treatment in prison, but their very presence there hinders what might be done for other people. Take, for example, the question of employment. You cannot run a prison workshop on the up-to-date lines which would make it a training for work outside when it is half staffed by these inefficient failures. A commercial laundry of today with its complicated rapid machinery is half-a-century away from the sloppy wash-tubs and flat irons of the prison laundry. So is the power clothing shop from the leisurely handsewing of the prison workroom. It is absurd to pretend that the one is any training for the other.

A very different group of women form the next class of prisoners. On the whole the number of drunkards is going down whilst, alas! that of shoplifters is going up. Perhaps the shops are not altogether free from blame. There are often not enough assistants to look after the goods. The fact that detectives are about should be made known, as it would serve as a deterrent. Of course, the passion for dress is closely connected with the sex life of women and the desire to attract men, but one has an odd illustration of the way in which the desire to dress up becomes an end in itself when one sees how it manages to penetrate even into the prison, where coquetry is so obviously futile. If you want to understand the phrase 'setting your cap' at someone, study the angles at which the unbecoming prison headdress can be worn. The art has even been discovered of scraping red from the leaves of the prison prayer book to use as rouge, but the practice has died out in Aylesbury since it was met by vigorous official face-scrubbings.

When I tell you of such trivial incidents you must not think that I am forgetting the terribly real punishment of prison life: the cutting off of all the incidents of daily intercourse; the complete separation from people whom you love, and the scanty news of them, the complete sex segregation, the long hours of weariness, the loss of personality in a numbered crowd, the suppression of all choice as to what you will do, or eat, or wear, and the monotony of the day's routine.

Routine of Prison Life

What is that routine? It is much the same in women's prisons as in men's, and I don't propose to describe it in detail. In the workrooms the women make clothes for men and women prisoners and for officers. They remake mattresses, they make pads of odds and ends for Post Office use, they sew mail-bags, they do painting and decorating in the prison. Then there is the ordinary domestic work to be done about the prison, though it is only in the cleaning of the officers' quarters that anything resembling the work of an ordinary house can be said to be done. The huge stone corridors to scrub, the immense boilers of soup and the wholesale cooking, give very little practice for ordinary home-keeping, though for the younger prisoners in Holloway special classes in cookery on a smaller scale are given, and the feminine instinct for making some kind of a home is shown in the rather pathetic pride with which some of the prisoners will lavish special care on the cells. It is a humane change which has, in recent years, allowed them some few photographs or postcards with which to decorate the bare little cupboards where they sleep, whilst convict women have quite a collection of little pictures and even a few flowers to give an illusion of homeliness.

I am sure it is important, particularly for women, not to starve completely the desire for beauty, however crudely it shows itself, and I believe that nothing has done more to humanise prison life for women than the handwork classes—for the most part taught by volunteers, often busy women who give their time freely in the evening.

There are also classes on more scholastic matters. You may find the duties of citizenship or the story of a Shakespeare play being discussed by the teacher, but for most of the women I believe that the actual making of pretty things with their own hands is a most important part of their re-education. I remember one woman who complained bitterly of what she considered the spite of an official who had sent her to learn English Literature when she was bent upon making fancy slippers. Even the ghastly tragedy of the condemned cell is a little relieved by the human instinct to make something. I remember feeling it almost intolerably pathetic to find two women under sentence of death in neighbouring cells occupied with their wardresses in knitting baby vests and discussing the difficulties of badly-spun wool.

It is interesting to see how the standard of work produced has gone up in the ten years since these classes began. At first much of the product could only be disposed of to very charitable people, but now stuffed toys of a most stalwart and professional make, rabbits and elephants and teddy bears are produced. Many of the women do beautiful knitting. There is bead work and embroidery of a really high standard and even some quite creditable pottery. Of course, all this work can only be done after the day's labour for the Government is finished, or in the long and lonely week-ends. It costs the Government nothing. The women gain nothing by it individually; the things made are not sold in the open market, but only to specially

interested people. The money is used to pay for the materials, to make a grant to the Discharged Prisoners' Aid Society, and to do something for the common good of the prisoners in providing plants to brighten the exercise grounds and some illustrated papers for the long-sentence prisoners to use in their weekly hour of recreation.

Sentences Based on 'Confused and Conflicting Ideas'

Perhaps the strongest feeling which seizes the visitor to a woman's prison is the sense that the whole system of sentencing women to prison is based on confused and often conflicting ideas. So far as these can be sorted out into anything like definite principles, they seem to be the hope of preventing other people by fear from committing similar offences; of preventing the same people by painful memories from repeating their crimes; of keeping them shut away for a time from any chance of repeating them; and a dim hope of reforming the offender and turning her back into society as less of a misfit. Most potent of all, perhaps, is the explosion of irritation for which the exact analogy is the impatient slapping of a tiresome child. This is the motive dignified in books upon the subject by the name of retribution.

It would take too long to argue the point, but I have no hesitation in saying that often these aims would have to be followed by methods leading in directly opposite directions, and that the confusion as to which is of first importance is constantly preventing any of them from being attained. This criticism is much less true of a Borstal institute where quite definitely girls are sent for purposes of training. It has something of a prison about its buildings, but the spirit of the place is quite definitely educational. There is a daily routine of work and each girl goes through some months of house-work, of laundry, of cooking, sewing and gardening, whilst a few volunteers do the farm work of the establishment. None of these things can be taught to at all a high standard, but the all-round training is deliberately considered the best as fitting girls for employment when they leave. As a matter of fact many of them choose to go into service, though others undertake factory work and a good number of them marry and have homes of their own. A very good percentage of successes is claimed for these girls; some 62 per cent. of the girls who have been discharged in recent years have been entirely satisfactory. A good many of the others, after a few troublous years, settle down happily. To get such success as this with the hundred most difficult young women in the country says much for the staff and for the voluntary helpers who supervise the girls when they leave.

What 'Observation Centres' Might Do

In 1932, 128 girls under twenty-one served sentences in prison, of whom 48 per cent. had had no previous offence proved against them. Quite a small institution would keep these girls free from the taint of prison, and its provision is one of the first reforms that ought to be made. Even more urgent is it that some place of observation should be provided to which women and girls could be remanded when medical or psychological reports upon them are needed. It is a horrible thing, for instance, to send some distracted wretch who is accused of attempting suicide to prison for observation. However kind the treatment, the fact of being in prison is an added anguish. As magistrates become more and more aware of the subtle mental disorders which may lie at the root of offences, they rightly grow more anxious to have a report upon the mental state of an accused person, but as the observation centres which have been recommended again and again are not yet forthcoming, they can only send such people to prison. A special wing of a mental hospital would be far more suitable.

The whole question of women prisoners may seem small compared with that of men; in 1932, there were more than fourteen men in prison for every woman. The very fact that their numbers are small seems a reason for beginning new methods of dealing with our women prisoners. If the whole body of them could be collected in one or two establishments run on the cottage-home system, a proper classification might be made; the duties of a housewife could be taught on something of the scale of the ordinary citizen's house, the large and expensive buildings in our big cities could be set free for other purposes, and, in my own belief, more could be done to lift up and retain what is, perhaps, the very saddest group of people in our society today.

Before closing I want to ask anyone who can spare books of travel or biography to send them to Holloway or Aylesbury.

Cricket Pictures at the Tate

On this page and the front cover we reproduce three of the Cricket Pictures from the collection of Sir Jeremiah Colman, now on view at the Tate Gallery, Millbank



Cricket at Hambledon in 1777



Match between the Greenwich and Chelsea Pensioners in 1825

Painting by Henry Alken

The Listener's Music

Covent Garden Opera Reviewed

By FRANCIS TOYE

Broadcast in the interval between the last two Acts of 'La Cenerentola', on June 15

ANOTHER Covent Garden Season has come to an end. But this year we need not walk out of the theatre as we did last year, wondering whether we shall ever enter its doors again. There is no question now of Covent Garden being pulled down. A lot of money has been spent on it in one way or another and the risk of its being swallowed up by the vegetables and the fruit has become infinitesimal. I know some people would not mind if Covent Garden disappeared. A few of them seem to be rather anxious than otherwise that it should. Well, I don't know what any of you feel about it, but I should be miserable. There is a great tradition about this place. It is one of the few things left in London that represents something continuous, something that has held its own gallantly in the whirligig of changing times and fashions. It was in a theatre on this very site that Handel produced his Italian operas exactly 200 years ago. It was here 90 years later that Henry Bishop first delighted a London audience with a pretty tune called 'Home, Sweet Home' in an opera of his by the name of 'Clari'. Just a few years later Weber came over to write and produce 'Oberon'. Since the present theatre was built in the late 1850's, Covent Garden has perhaps been more remarkable for its performances than for first productions of important works.

What performances they must have been! I am afraid I am not quite old enough to be able to give you any personal reminiscences of any striking value. I don't remember even the De Reszkes or Ternina or Tamagno, much less the glorious figures of the Golden Age of singing whom my poor old friend Mr. Herman Klein used to talk and write about with so much charm, but I can remember some glorious performances in the early nineteen-hundreds, when Caruso and Scotti and Melba and Destinn were all in their prime. It is no use pretending that we have any singing like that nowadays. And what a brave sight the house was! Nearly all boxes in those days, with the last remains of Victorian dignity not yet entirely swamped by Edwardian smartness. The gallery was my usual perch at that time, but I remember very well being taken on one or two special occasions to the stalls and admiring the brilliance of the scene; the traditional tiaras, the immaculate aristocratic shirt-fronts in the omnibus box, the stately Lady de Grey, the all-powerful Mr. Higgins. Thank goodness, Covent Garden still fights manfully to preserve some of this tradition of elegance. There are definitely fewer tiaras, it is true. The dress shirts may not be quite so immaculate, but they remain indispensable. There are no white gloves though, at any rate for the men. I know that there is a school of thought which objects to all this, which would be glad to see the whole fashionable tradition of Covent Garden destroyed. I think they are quite wrong. Opera and fashion have always been allies and there is no reason why they should not be. Let Covent Garden stick to its own traditions. They are worth sticking to, believe me, because the world in general is becoming very drab.

I don't know that there is anything very striking to say about the Season that has just ended. Taking the German part of it first; there are no signs that Wagner is in any way losing his popularity here. Both Cycles of the 'Ring' seemed to be as full as ever. The fact is that there is a definite group of people who insist on viewing the 'Ring' as something quite different from any other operas. From all over England they come, not exceptionally clever people, not even particularly musical people, but wholly admirable in their genuine devotion to Richard Wagner. They certainly have no cause to complain this year, for the 'Ring' performances were exceedingly good. So was the 'Meistersingers'. To me there were two outstanding features, apart from the presence of our old friends Frieda Leider, Lotte Lehmann, Lauritz Melchior, Kipph's and Janssen. The first, and (as Wagner is in question) the most important, was the great improvement in the orchestral playing as compared even with that of last year. I am told that there were sectional rehearsals for the first time, which may account for a good deal. I know that at its best, which was undoubtedly in 'Walküre' and

'Meistersingers', I have never heard better orchestral playing in any theatre than that given this season by the London Philharmonic Orchestra under Sir Thomas Beecham. It was sonorous and thrilling, but without detriment to any of the more delicate and subtle portions of the scores. The second feature was the triumph of Bockelmann alike as Wotan and Hans Sachs. He is undoubtedly the best German baritone that we have had for years, especially from the technical point of view.

A word about 'Fidelio'. Some people did not like Sir Thomas's tempi. I did; I thought they kept the opera from flagging, which it often does in Germany. By the second and third performances, when he and the singers had got really to understand one another, we had about as good a 'Fidelio' as could be wished for. And what wonderful music for those who have ears to hear! The nobility and the pathos of Beethoven's interpretation of the drama remain to me, at any rate, among the most moving experiences in the whole of opera. Neither of the novelties, 'Arabella' and 'Schwanda', can be regarded as a complete success, and I would scarcely say that either performance was first rate. In 'Arabella' Richard Strauss seems to me to have exhibited the weakness of modern German opera in its most acute form. Except in the first act and perhaps at the very end, there were no real musical ideas worth bothering about, but thanks to his consummate technique he kept up in the orchestra what can only be described as a kind of conversation piece, which succeeded in partially concealing the fact. With all due respect, this is a sign of musical decadence. 'Schwanda', except in the hell scene which is far too long, was at any rate not dull. There were two or three rattling good tunes, in the main I believe of traditional Czech origin. What is more, the composer, Herr Weinberger, knew his job thoroughly and produced a score which is undoubtedly a model of slickness if not of originality. Still I think that 'Schwanda' would have been more satisfactory if it had been planned on definitely slighter lines, like the Offenbach comic operas.

As has always been the case during the last ten years, but as ought and need not be the case, the Italian Season gave us the impression of being rather a come-down. Yet there were some good points about it. Marinuzzi, for instance, the conductor from Rome, has scored a great success both with the public and the orchestra, who have, under his direction, played better than they did for Krauss. The performance of 'Bohème', too, may legitimately be called a routine production of the first class. But that is not quite enough. A cast of singers absolutely of the first order is as indispensable to Italian opera as a first-class orchestra is to German Opera. This year the Italians themselves cannot bear the brunt of the blame; because, in fact, comparatively few of the singers of the Italian operas were Italian. Undoubtedly this rather spoilt 'Otello'. Melchior may be the best Wagnerian tenor in the world but the quality of his voice sounds wrong in Verdi's music, which incidentally, demands greater skill in singing. At the same time it must in fairness be noted that the third performance of 'Otello' was very much better, partly because Melchior had definitely improved and partly because our own Joan Cross from Sadler's Wells sang a great deal more satisfactorily than her predecessor in the part of Desdemona. How much Italian opera depends for its complete success on singers was clearly shown in two instances. The first was when Rethberg took the leading part in 'La Bohème'. She had everything against her. The audience had come to hear 'La Cenerentola' and was grievously disappointed at its postponement. She had not had a rehearsal. Yet being a really first-class singer and an admirable artist she had within half-an-hour changed an atmosphere of gloom into one of delight and enthusiasm. The second instance was the first performance of 'La Cenerentola' itself, which gave supreme not to say rather surprised pleasure to the audience. It was not only that they were delighted by Conchita Supervia's marvellous virtuosity. They were intoxicated by the brilliance and completeness of the ensemble achieved by the whole cast. As a result we had just such a thrill, of a different kind no doubt, but unmistakable, as in the best German performances.

Gustav Holst and His Music

By BASIL MAINE

A memorial concert of Gustav Holst's works will be broadcast on June 22

COMING so soon after Elgar's end, the death of Gustav Holst is a severe loss to English music. We can only say that, at the present moment. We cannot measure the extent of the loss; for in a sense, Holst's complete contribution has yet to be appraised. It was thought in some circles that his powers had lately waned; and some have the opinion that this was due to the accident which he suffered some years ago and which in all probability was the first cause of his death. But, as against this, we hear from Mr. Maurice Jacobson, a former pupil of the composer, that Holst had lately completed two pianoforte works in which the creative stream was running again at its fullest.

It is possible, however, that this last phase has been misunderstood, and that to say, as Mr. Jacobson does, that Holst was on the verge of a 'come-back', is to overlook the many devious routes which the composer took during his career. His development was wholly individual and included a number of exotic phases, such as are represented by the Rig-Veda choral hymns (three of which are included in the Holst Memorial Concert), the *opera di camera*, 'Savitri', and other works belonging to his 'Sanskrit period', 1906-1911. Yet, although he was frequently lured away to strange, distant places, he also felt from time to time the need of a return to his native heath. A work in which that need is expressed is the Prelude and Scherzo called 'Hammersmith' which was produced three years ago. Of this music he himself wrote: 'As far as the work owes anything to outside influences it is the result of living in Hammersmith for thirty-nine years on and off and wanting to express my feelings for the place in music'. But, like many another high-minded musician, he was anxious to emphasise the music's complete independence of anything like a set programme.

Even more expressive of that returning mood is 'Egdon Heath' for orchestra (1927). Incidentally, the concert, which excludes the best known works in favour of more neglected ones, will provide an opportunity of hearing this work. 'Egdon Heath' was written in response to an invitation from the New York Symphony Orchestra to compose a work specially for one of its concerts. Programme or no programme, a literary background (to call it 'basis' would be misleading) was rarely absent from Holst's music. Just as A. P. Herbert's *Water Gipsies* played a part in the conceiving of 'Hammersmith', so did Thomas Hardy's *The Return of the Native* influence 'Egdon Heath'. The balanced, dull-hued music invokes Hardy's opening scene, and adds an element of homage to the author. Something of its quality may be suggested by the bare facts that there are no percussion instruments whatever in the score and that, in two episodes, the strings are divided into two groups, one with natural, the other with muted tone. 'Egdon Heath' and the Dance from the Ballet Suite (1900), with which the programme on Friday opens, are not altogether without a common denominator of scene and personal style, but how markedly do they reveal the transmutation in the composer's mental processes during a quarter of a century!

It is in 'The Planets' that Holst permitted himself his largest indulgence so far as the orchestra is concerned. Here, too, to all appearance, is his most distant aspiration. In the Rig-Veda hymns the call had come from the Orient; here it had come from outside this earth. He would answer by leaping beyond this immediate, physical environment of ours to the no less physical forces that control our destinies, to the stars that shape our courses. These seven planets are the seven counterparts of our mind and spirit. He would endeavour to overhear something of their universal music. Nobody who has followed Sir James Jeans, even at a distance, will be surprised to discover that Holst has shouldered too ambitious a programme here. In 'The Planets', where he has proposed to make his greatest imaginative leap, he is found to be most earth-bound, almost provincially so. He has localised these planets, either in our little human passions so that Venus melts almost into sentimentality, or in our countryside so that Jupiter comes to Gloucestershire for a holiday. And how much more convincing

would this conception be, had it been salted with a grain of humour!

Yet, if 'The Planets' as a conception is impeded by its own programme, if there is too obvious a compromise between the heavens and the earth, many of its pages are still wonderfully stirring. One of the best performances it has ever received was that given by Adrian Boult at a B.B.C. Symphony Concert a few years ago. One realised then that, for all its occasional crudities of expression, it represents a culmination of forces, a crisis, an issue; that it is, in effect, the English 'Sacre du Printemps'.

The extent of Holst's development between the early years of the War (when 'The Planets' was written, although it was conceived earlier) and 1925, can be studied in the Choral Symphony which he wrote for the Leeds Festival of that year. 'Turn Back, O Man', for chorus and orchestra, and 'The Ode to Death' (a setting of words by Walt Whitman)*, with which the programme on Friday will end, can be regarded as stages in that development; 1916 is the date of the one, 1919 of the other.

The Choral Symphony affords an even more striking contrast with 'The Hymn of Jesus', which was completed in 1917. In its splendour and lavishness, 'The Hymn of Jesus' can be said to be an extension to choral grounds of the imaginative qualities of 'The Planets'. The aspiration is as great, and, let it also be said, the whole impression is as restricted and walled-in. Howbeit, the judges in granting the composer a Carnegie award for this work, were right in pointing out its strikingly original plan and conception and with what fidelity it expressed the power of the words. This passionate fidelity to the stress and rhythms of the English language was one of Holst's chief characteristics, and in no work is it seen to greater advantage than in the Choral Symphony. The present writer last heard it in a recent B.B.C. programme which also included Purcell's Coronation Anthem, 'My Heart is Inditing,' and on that occasion remarked the affinity between Purcell and Holst in their sensitive regard for diction. But, whereas Purcell's writing was a curious mingling of strength and sweetness, Holst's yielded sweetness neither in the ordinary nor in the poetic sense. It is this austerity, perhaps, which accounts for the neglect of a fine work. Holst asks much of an audience that has come with popular preconceptions of Keats' verse. He asks for nothing less than a complete cutting away of the associations which co-exist in the public's mind with the 'Grecian Urn' and other stanzas. He approaches the sensuous lines in an almost puritanical vein. Yet, let him but have his way and it is likely that the Symphony will stimulate the listener to re-discover the poet. He will probably admit that, even if the Phrygian mode of 'Beneath my Palm Trees' does not conjure up Titian's 'Bacchanal' (which, after all, was only one of Swinburne's conceits), it does send a fresh wind blowing through the branches of the verse, stirring them to a natural melody. As for the setting of 'Fancy' and 'Folly's Song' for the Scherzo, the present writer knows nothing in English music to equal it as a feat of verbal dexterity, and nothing which calls for such a high degree of virtuosity from a choir. In the Choral Symphony, we must be prepared to follow at any cost if we would approach the heart of the music. Only so is it possible to be aware of the working of a great spirit, an intense force, yet one which was sometimes strangely frustrated.

In a sense Holst's whole career was frustrated. So various were his powers and interests, so continually changing was his direction, that it is impossible to plot the resultant curve representing his development. Like many another composer, after permitting himself the luxury of the full range of orchestral and choral tones, he tended (in the 'Terzetto' for viola, flute and oboe, for example) to become increasingly spare and self-disciplined. But who shall say that this was not a preparation for another dazzling burst of eloquence and splendid technique, not because of any need for a 'come-back', but because of an inner compulsion? In any case, 'The Planets', 'The Hymn of Jesus' and the Choral Symphony can already be seen to be among the highest attainments of the English renaissance.

*Another Whitman setting appears in this programme, the 'Dirge for Two Veterans', for male voices, brass and drums. The weakness of English composers for Whitman is a subject for an interesting study. Holst was attracted as early as 1899, when he wrote a Walt Whitman Overture, which is unpublished and has been, rarely, if ever, played.

From Tolpuddle to T.U.C.—IX

Should Trade Unions be Political?

A Debate between JACK LAWSON, M.P., and Lieut.-Colonel C. M. HEADLAM, M.P.

Mr. Lawson (a Socialist and an ex-miner) and Colonel Headlam (a Conservative) both represent Durham constituencies in the House of Commons

Jack Lawson

THE trade unions needed the Labour Party. Before its formation they tried the method of lobbying Members of Parliament. For long years they tried urging the great political parties. Something was achieved. But working conditions, wages, housing, sanitation and the ills of the worker's life were in masses of cases outrageous—even in the early twentieth century. The fact was that our condition was deeply involved in the fundamental political structure of this country, and that it could not be changed until this was changed, too. But without a political organisation it was like baying at the moon.

In 1906 forty Labour Members came to the House of Commons. Nothing succeeds like success. One-time opponents of trade unionism began to bless it when the thing became inevitable. Governments took note and passed into legislation reforms which had been long-desired impossibilities before the workers formed a special party. Old age pensions, health insurance, widows' pensions, housing legislation, miners' minimum wage, unemployment insurance became facts. Things seemed at one time to be going well. But still the effectiveness of the trade unions was not secure.

Just as trade unionism had been attacked in its inception, so political action by trade unions was attacked, and is still being attacked today, in varying forms. First, the unions were compelled by law to take a ballot to decide whether the majority agreed with political action. Then, if a man did not agree he was allowed to 'contract out' and claim back that proportion of his union contributions which went towards political action. After some years it was claimed that these persons were intimidated if they claimed repayment of the political part of the contribution. So Parliament enacted that every person must personally sign a form to agree to political action and payments—or, to 'contract in'. Thus some members pay to trade unionism but not towards political action. It is true some members of the unions have their own convictions and opinions. But it is also true that in the unions there are members who will accept benefits won, but will avail themselves of any opportunity to evade contributing towards the achievements. I speak with knowledge, and I have known employers express contempt for such. Trade union political funds have to be properly audited, and the Registrar-General is the Legal Trustee in this matter. This would be a good thing if the political funds of other parties were subject to the same control. But they are not. Questions can be asked in Parliament about Labour funds, but it is apparently nobody's duty to make public who are the contributors to, and what is the amount of, the funds of the other parties.

I just state these facts to show that trade unions are legally cribbed and confined by a Parliament composed so largely of non-Labour Members. It is the old attack upon working-class organisation in a more subtle form. I don't blame the interests represented in the great Conservative Party responsible for this action. For political parties are not abstract things. They are concrete representations of interests. There is now a National Government, but the land-owning interests in the Conservative Party have made sure that the Land Taxes are abolished—to say nothing of other things which have been done in the interests of the well-to-do. Having been many years in the House of Commons, I have no illusions on this point, that parties represent economic interests, however fine Members may be personally or however deep their concern for human welfare. Labour, too, has far-reaching views on society and matters affecting human welfare, and Labour, too, represents interests—the interests of those who get the most meagre returns from their labour.

The fact is that a new Industrial Revolution is on us. New forms of power are changing the old forms. Scientific invention is revolutionising methods of production, and as a direct result of this there are masses of surplus workers in different parts of the land. Are these new forces simply going to maintain a few wealthy, regardless of workers' conditions as in the past? Those

who use them did not create these forces. They are largely a social product in which the particular person who brings them to a head as inventions seldom benefits. That persons should be allowed to parade in plumes that are not theirs and live as though they were little gods, while masses live meagre lives, is a social crime.

And what of the people deprived of the opportunity to labour? Should they not share the work? Be allowed to produce the things which the masses need? There must be shorter hours and more leisure. What we want is, in every sense of the word, a well-to-do nation—rather than a few well-to-do socially enlarged, while humble needs are met meagrely or not at all. But to bring this about we need the representation in Parliament through the Labour Party of the trade unions. Employers stand together in the industrial field, and my time in Parliament has confirmed me in the belief that they stand together there.

I have been talking of domestic problems. But what of the international situation, what of war? Wars are fought by workers. Are the workers to have no say in those matters which may throw them into war? But how can they do this unless they act together to elect and finance those who have shared their experience, who can speak for their point of view? This comes home to me personally, because I shouldn't be in Parliament myself now but for the political power of the trade unions. They put me in Parliament. And I'm proud of it.

Colonel Headlam

I SUPPOSE we are all agreed today, whatever our political opinions may be, that trade unions are a necessary part of our industrial organisation. They exist to provide for the financial assistance of the workers in times of need. They exist to protect their interests in their relations with their employers; to secure the best possible conditions in regard to their wages, hours of labour and working amenities. And we are all agreed, too, that to enable the unions to carry out these functions they must have the power of collective bargaining and of enforcing their demands, if necessary by organising strikes.

But trade unions are today recognised by the State as the legitimate representatives of the interests of the workers; surely it is essential, therefore, that they should represent the views of all their members without any kind of political bias or discrimination? Trade unions are naturally anxious to include within their ranks all the workers within the industry which they represent, and to prevent the employment of non-union labour. It seems to me only possible to justify direct political action on their part on the presumption that all the working men within their ranks are supporters of one political party. This is manifestly untrue in the case of any union. The argument of those who approve the support given to the Socialist Party by the trade union movement, is that this is the only political party which represents the interests of the workers. But trade unions themselves were legalised by the Conservative Party, and the improvement in the social conditions of the people began before the Labour Party possessed any effective influence in the House of Commons. They are due largely to the growth of the more humane spirit of the age and a general desire among all classes to improve the conditions of the worker. The various extensions of the franchise also have given to the industrial community a power of exercising their influence in politics, which would, in my opinion, have been equally effective for its purpose had the political Labour Party never come into existence.

It is often urged, I know, that if trade unions were not in a position to send representatives to Parliament, working men would have no chance of becoming Members of the House of Commons. Personally I quite agree that in these days the workers should be directly represented in Parliament, and I have no earthly objection to their unions paying their expenses, always providing that they are ready to give equal chances to their members irrespective of the political principles which

they hold. Some of the strongest and most able trade unionists hold Conservative and Liberal views: they are fully capable of putting forward the workers' arguments and representing the interests of their industry. They are debarred, however, from holding offices in their unions or from being selected as parliamentary candidates, because they do not happen to believe in class warfare and because they hold that their industry is more likely to prosper under the present social system than under any system of Socialism. The tragedy of the existing conditions of Labour representation in the House of Commons is that so many of the Labour representatives are tied and bound by the leaders of the T.U.C. outside Parliament. We saw the results of that in 1926 when the political Labour Party, much against its better judgment, was dragged into the policy of action which led to the General Strike.

So long as the trade union movement is influenced by political activities and controls the Labour Party in the House of Commons, I am quite convinced, first, that no Labour Government can exist for long, and, second, that the economic interests of the working-class community must inevitably suffer.

In these days of acute industrial competition, it is obvious that, if we are to hold our own in the markets of the world, we must have industrial peace. The interests of the workers and the employers in any industry are really identical. If the former are invariably striving to bring about a change in social conditions by means of direct political action, it is obvious that a spirit of discord must always be dividing them from their employers, and this cannot but have a bad effect upon the industrial situation. Naturally the workers demand, and will continue to demand, a higher standard of life, and they should have it whenever the conditions of their industry will enable it. Better wages should always come before higher dividends. This I believe to be the universal opinion at the present time and there is no reason, therefore, why the Labour Party should assert that this is a political ideal peculiar to themselves.

My own view is that it would be far better for the workers of this country if less of their money were expended on purely political purposes, and more were utilised for the provision of assistance when they were debarred from working from one cause or another, for improving the education of their children, and for helping them in their old age. In Durham and elsewhere there are many homes for aged miners; how many more there might be if only it were not deemed necessary to send so many Socialists to the local councils and to Parliament! Had the trade union leaders, too, been really so eager to get rid of the mine-owners, might they not also with the funds at their disposal have obtained possession of some, at any rate, of the pits and shown us how infinitely better they could manage them in the interests of the workers?

Now let me turn to the legal position of trade unions—a matter of extreme importance when considering their political activities. They enjoy the full protection of the law—a protection usually conferred only on fully incorporated bodies. Their funds and property are secured by law and a union can bring an action against anyone who infringes its rights. A union itself, however, is immune from any such legal interference. Its members can, of course, be sued for any breach of the law individually, but an action cannot lie against a trade union. This exceptional position has not, as is often suggested by Socialist politicians, been fundamentally altered by the Act of 1927. That Act declares that a strike which the Courts hold to be a deliberate attempt to coerce the Government or intimidate the community is illegal, but in every other respect leaves the legal immunities of trade unions the same as before. It seems to me that associations which enjoy such peculiar legal privileges, and which are intended to act in the industrial interests of all their members, should not be made the instrument of any one political party.

Trade unions—if they are to serve their real purpose—should concentrate on securing the best possible conditions of work and wages of all their members within the existing social and industrial system. Any attempt to change that system is not the proper function of an industrial organisation and should be undertaken by political action through a political party composed entirely of the would-be reformers. Today membership of trade unions is admittedly decreasing. This may be due to a certain extent to bad times—but it is due far more, I consider, to the feeling among working men, who are not politically-minded, that the leaders of the movement are more concerned with politics than with the actual economic needs of their followers; in other words, that the money which they pay into their unions is being spent on political propaganda rather than upon their personal welfare.

Finally, let me once again make it clear that Conservatives are not in any way opposed to trade unionism. But they hold—and hold very strongly—that these combinations of working men and women have been formed, and are allowed special privileges, in order that they may assist their members in their industrial life. They believe that no section of the people should be in a position to dictate to and dominate the rest of the community, and that no industrial organisation, which includes persons of all political opinions, should be used exclusively in the interests of one political party.

Jack Lawson

YOU AGREE THEN that trade unionism is necessary to protect the interest of the workers; that is a useful admission for which I thank you, for it may surprise you to learn that there are employers today who don't admit that fact. In the older industrial areas employers know this by long experience, but in the new industrial areas in the South it is not always so. They have yet to learn the lesson that was learned long ago in the older areas. And it must be learned, because sooner or later facts will tell.

But, you say, 'Trade unions should act in the interest of all without distinction'. I should be surprised to learn that any member of any union did not receive support, help, and protection, irrespective of his political opinions, so long as he is a member of that union. He is entitled to it, and in fact he gets it.

But the truth is, that you hold that trade unionism in politics would be all right if the unions would run working men of all parties for Parliament—including Conservatives. It would be humorous for the workers to send to Parliament a working man to vote and speak for the land-owners, royalty-rent-owners, mine-owners, factory-owners and employers generally, against whom they have had to form trade unions to protect themselves in the industrial field. I can imagine what miners would think of a man whom they elected when he voted to protect royalty-owners, who take the first sixpence off the ton of coal that the miner hews. Millions of pounds for royalty rents is a disgrace, but a Conservative stands for it. If there are so many estimable Conservative working men, why doesn't the Conservative Party select them as candidates, run and finance them? The fact is they don't respect them enough for that. It is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle than for a Conservative working man to enter Parliament through the Conservative Party.

You think it would be far better for the workers if money spent upon political action to send Socialists to local Councils and Parliament—as in Durham—were spent on building homes for the aged, on pensions and on higher education. As a matter of fact, in Durham, miners have built homes for the aged out of their wages. They not only founded the homes but they founded the idea of building them, themselves, without patronage. It is one of the finest examples of self-help in the world. They have built two thousand beautiful homes and I am proud to have been active in that movement for thirty years, being at the present moment a member of the General Committee. But it is significant that it is just those men who believe in trade unionism being in politics and who pay for its being there. They do not look upon Parliament as an ornate institution to conserve things as they are. They believe, and personally I believe, that the British Parliament can be the world's most effective workshop, and the people who possess least and who suffer or rejoice most from the work of Parliament know best what is needed.

Colonel Headlam

I AM in full sympathy with much you have said about the past. At this moment, however, we are not concerned with the past. The question we are discussing is rather whether the trade union movement today should be tied to a political party which does not even represent the views of all its members; and certainly does not represent the views of the workers of the country as a whole. Your answer is 'Yes'. Mine is 'No'. You condemn, as I understand it, class legislation; and yet you appear to be ready to maintain it in what you consider to be the interests of the working classes. I see no reason for such a point of view. I hold that the interests of all classes are really the same, and assuredly trade and industry cannot prosper if class warfare exists. It is a better appreciation of each other's difficulties, rather than political strife, which is needed today.

With our universal franchise, our busy Press, and the more humane outlook on life which prevails generally today, the conditions that existed in your younger days would not be tolerated

by public opinion. And I say that trade unions have been given an exceptional position under the law because they are intended by Parliament—that is, by the elected representatives of the people—to safeguard the industrial interests of the workers. Is it fair to these people, at a time when industrial conditions are so bad, to utilise so large a part of their money to support a political party to which many of them do not even belong and to whose aims many of them are diametrically opposed?

As a matter of fact, I doubt very much whether trade unionism has anything to gain by its association with Socialist propaganda—for these reasons. At present we have employers, employed and a third party—the State. If, under Socialism, the State becomes the employer, we should have only two parties to an industrial dispute. Two things might then happen. Either the trade union would rule the State, in which case the part would dictate to the whole—and this was precisely what the people of this country rejected in 1926. Or, as in Russia, Italy and Germany, the power of trade unions in wage questions would completely cease to exist. Is it not really of value to trade unions to preserve the State as a third party or arbiter in industrial disputes?

Let me state my faith. I want the workers of this country to be free and independent men—able to bind themselves together voluntarily for their mutual support and welfare in their various trades and industries. I do not want them ordered about and controlled by a politically-minded section among them. I want them to be at liberty to say what they like and not to be forced directly or indirectly either to support a political theory, or else to be denied any part or parcel in the management and control of the bodies to which they belong.

Jack Lawson

I AM AFRAID I don't agree with you that the trade union movement is unfairly represented by the Labour Party, or that trade union members are forced by the Labour Party to pay for views

which they do not hold. Trade Union members need not 'contract in' and pay to the Labour Party if they disagree. The Labour Party represents the interests of the workers; and the Labour Party must obviously draw for its members on those organisations which are most closely in touch with the workers' economic and social needs. Those organisations are, of course, the trade unions.

I agree with you that public opinion is better informed than it used to be, but I should be very sorry to have to leave the workers' interests to the mercies of public opinion. There's a great body of goodwill today, but it must be organised. It is in Parliament alone that our interests can be at all effectively served. And Parliament does not seem to me to be a place where, as you suggest, the different parties consider dispassionately the interests of the whole community, but a place where each party does its best to advance the special interests with which it is connected. Among these interests those of the workers must find a place. They can find it only in the Labour Party, and the Labour Party must continue to depend, as it has depended in the past, on the trade unions.

Colonel Headlam

IT IS TRUE that legally men who are not Socialists need not 'contract in' to pay the political levy, but conditions are often made extremely unpleasant for them if they do not. However, there is no time to enlarge upon that matter now. It is clear you and I do not agree politically; but I think that each of us realises that the other is genuine in his beliefs. I am glad that in your concluding words you have admitted the immense importance of a friendly relationship between all classes of the community and have acknowledged the growth of a much better understanding in the days in which we are living. You and I may differ in our political views, but our ideals are the same. We both want the greatest happiness for the greatest number. Our methods for securing our object are not the same, but that is no reason why we should quarrel.

The Web of Thought and Action—X

Probing the Physical Universe

A Discussion between Professor H. LEVY and Professor P. M. S. BLACKETT

PROFESSOR H. LEVY: Within recent years there has been a tendency in some quarters to blame science for much of our present economic confusions. I should like to ask you something about this. Now you are an experimental physicist. What is your special field?

PROFESSOR P. M. S. BLACKETT: Well, I am investigating a most mysterious phenomena called cosmic rays. It seems as if the earth is being bombarded from all directions by electrons of enormous energies. They seem to come from the very distant parts of the universe. But we haven't the least idea what produced them, and where they really come from.

LEVY: You say they are electrons with enormous energies. What then is an electron? I've often seen the suggestion that electrons aren't really real. They're supposed to be simply a fiction that scientists have invented.

BLACKETT: Of course, scientists invented the conceptions of atoms and electrons: they are not things directly experienced individually by the senses, so of course they are conceptual inventions made by man. But they are real none the less. It is just the same with the ordinary objects of everyday life. The complete idea of a solid object such as a chair or a table is not given directly to the senses. One only perceives certain aspects at a time. One can't see all round it at once, and one can't know it is there when one is looking the other way. In fact, the continued existence of a three-dimensional chair is a scientific hypothesis of exactly the same nature as the hypothesis of the existence and properties of electrons. Electrons have different properties to chairs and tables, but they are no more fictitious; only they are rather more abstract in the sense that they are several steps further removed from the direct perceptions of the senses than are the ordinary objects of everyday life.

LEVY: Now arising out of this, I want to put another point to you. I've heard it asserted by people with certain philosophical axes to grind that modern physics has destroyed our belief in the reality of matter, that matter can be dissolved into radiation; and radiation, according to them, is just some sort

of vague translucent light that simply isn't anything—a symbol—a thought. Would you sign such a statement?

BLACKETT: On the contrary, I think all that sort of talk is just nonsense. Scientists may explain the properties of ordinary matter in terms of particles or waves, or by means of beautiful mathematical symbolism, but the fact of explaining matter in such terms doesn't make the matter less real. Because one could write a mathematical treatise on the theory of probability as applied to gambling at Monte Carlo, it doesn't mean that the gambling tables dissolve into idealistic nothingness.

LEVY: So your point is that you begin with matter, in the form of yourself and all your instruments, and this sort of experimental and theoretical analysis simply tells you more about this real matter with which you have started. Your analysis doesn't in any sense destroy the reality of matter, but—if anything—makes it even more real to you by the fact that it exposes more of its potentialities. Now, let me get back to your cosmic rays. Why are they important to you?

BLACKETT: It is a peculiarly intriguing subject. For instance, it seems quite possible that we will be able to find out a lot about how the stars have evolved, by studying cosmic rays.

LEVY: That seems a long way off! What social effects do you anticipate from such work?

BLACKETT: I can't see that it is very likely that they will have any social effects. To me it's a fascinating subject, and quite a useless one at present. Of course, unexpected practical developments may always arise from the 'purest' of researches: for instance, the B.B.C. from the differential equations of Clerk-Maxwell. But certainly the urge to do the sort of pure science that I am doing has little or nothing to do with its social effects. Anyhow, the social effects are just as likely to be bad as good. A new scientific discovery, if exploitable at all, is as likely to be exploited for war purposes as for raising the standard of life.

LEVY: Then how does a scientist choose the work he undertakes? Is it simply because he likes it?

BLACKETT: Yes, I adopted a scientific career because I like the

actual occupation of scientific investigation. I like the mixture of intellectual work and work with my hands. It is great fun finding out new things about the world.

LEVY: But, surely, a scientist is not unrestricted in his choice of field to work in?

BLACKETT: No, of course not. Most laboratories are now highly specialised. They have to be, because apparatus for modern research in pure physics is both elaborate and expensive. So the lines in one laboratory are, broadly speaking, laid down for anyone who enters. He can do what he likes, but only within limits.

Checking the Personal Bias in Scientific World

LEVY: Now, most of the specialists we have had so far have maintained that, as specialists, they are not concerned with any ethical or moral problems that arise from the way their work may be used in society. On the other hand, last week, the Clinical Psychologist made it abundantly clear that as individuals we were permeated with hidden desires and biases, in our relations at any rate, to other human beings and to society.

BLACKETT: In the actual technique of experimental science, the observer has to put himself into the background as much as possible. His ideal is to prevent his scientific judgment from being swayed by his feelings. To take a homely example: it is no use a tired housewife pretending to herself that she hasn't got a temperature if the thermometer reads one hundred and one. In the same way, a scientist mustn't let his desire for a particular result make him see what isn't there. It is quite false, of course, to say that the scientist doesn't have strong feelings. Emotionally, it is one of the most exciting things in the world to stumble on and follow up a new discovery. But one must not let one's wishes bias one's judgment as to what is really likely to happen.

LEVY: Would you say that a desire for personal satisfaction in the actual doing of it is the greatest urge behind most scientific work?

BLACKETT: I think that there are two factors operating. There is the personal pleasure in doing the work. This is more important, I think, than the desire to see the boundaries of knowledge extended. I don't think that it is so much the actual extent of knowledge which gives us pleasure, but rather the excitement of actually adding to it. The second motive is the vague, general belief that science will benefit humanity in the end. But whether this is true or not is a social problem, and so outside the scientific field. For the scientist, therefore, it remains a vague but real belief.

LEVY: Would you say that it is this characteristic of physical science, this capacity for reducing bias in technique to a minimum, that distinguishes it from social and psychological science, where the objects dealt with are human beings, dealt with by human beings, so that the experimenter becomes part of the experiment?

BLACKETT: Yes, I think the physical scientist can do this, because he can repeat his experiments, and so the bias, if any, can be detected. But in the social and human sciences, experiments are not repeatable, and so the bias cannot be eliminated. In a physical experiment we almost succeed in isolating the process dealt with from the experimenter, so that the physical experiment *uncovers* or *discovers* a law of nature. A social experiment is like history—it cannot be repeated. In fact, a social experiment is the making of social history.

LEVY: But surely a scientific experiment is also a social experiment? Its results may be used in a very drastic way in social life. Used in war, pure chemistry and its history, for example, may make terrible reading.

BLACKETT: Of course, scientific experiments have often, in the end, produced enormous social effects. It is a commonplace fact that science has changed the technique of living. And, of course, there is a mutual action and reaction. Science has made the modern industrialised state possible, and, conversely, the development of industrial methods has extended enormously the technical possibilities of science. In my work, for instance, to investigate something far too small to see I use a magnet weighing ten tons.

The Reaction Against Science

LEVY: That means you couldn't do your experiments without heavy engineering resources. Moreover, I suppose few of us also realise how much science has interwoven itself with our social life and how much depends on the continuation of research into problems that are perpetually being thrown up by developing society. If we stopped bacteriological research, for instance, I wonder what would happen to our water supplies, and therefore,

to the health of our town populations. Would you say from your knowledge of the nature of science that it would be possible to slow science up without serious social consequences arising?

BLACKETT: Well, there certainly is a considerable reaction against science nowadays. As you say, some people seem to see a possible escape from the present troubles by restricting the production and application of science. And to a certain extent, of course, it is possible to slow down scientific research. But since the slowing down must obviously be harmful to a large part of society, science could only be slowed down in the interest of one social group and against the interest of another.

LEVY: Yes, that idea has arisen, I suppose, from a lack of understanding of the part science has played in production in the past. Would you agree with this description? In manufacture and industry, science has provided extra efficiency by cutting down production costs and labour costs. Saving in production costs and labour costs means fewer men employed, and therefore a smaller consuming community. These people squeezed out of society no longer offer a market for the goods now more efficiently made, so there is generated a mysterious disease frequently referred to in bank reports as 'Trade Depression'. So that way of using science makes what might have been a boon into a calamity.

BLACKETT: I like to think of it this way. One of the principal effects of science has been to reduce the amount of work that must actually be done with one's hands; in fact it reduces the manual element in production. But this leads to such unemployment that all governments must now seek for something for the unemployed to do, which involves the most manual work, and the least use of machinery, and so the least use of science. For instance, much of the appeal to politicians in road-making plans is that they can be carried through with the minimum of science and the maximum of manual labour. So roads are made for motor-cars instead of clothes and boots for people.

LEVY: So you think that the consequences of this mishandling of science is driving people to the stage of fearing its use at all? Seeking for a way of living without science? It seems as if wherever there is a heavy unemployment problem one must expect to find an anti-scientific attitude developing. Then I suppose the drive back to the land is much the same thing. Large-scale farming is too efficient and uses up too few people so they must work on a small scale; scared of efficiency because they can't bring themselves to distribute what can be produced. Would you say that we may be passing to an anti-scientific age?

BLACKETT: Unless we can cure the present social muddle, I think we shall be forced to become anti-scientific, and if we do, I think we shall also become irrational. For experimenting and thinking must go together. If you stop the one, you must injure the other. Of course, to put against this anti-scientific tendency, due to unemployment and the crisis, there is the stimulus to science from the drive towards economic self-sufficiency. This involves the application of science to make home-grown food and synthetic raw materials in each country, however expensively, and regardless of the existence of vast quantities of unsaleable supplies of the same raw materials in other countries.

LEVY: Yes, there's a point arises from that. This growing fear of science in practically all highly industrialised countries, a sort of drive back towards medievalism, is surely in peculiar contrast to the general enthusiasm for science one hears about in Russia. Doesn't there appear to be a genuine hunger for more and more scientific application there? And why this contrast?

BLACKETT: It seems that Russia, because of the nature of its internal economy, has nothing to fear from science, and everything to gain by it. Because she can distribute all she can produce, and so has no serious unemployment problem, she wants to produce all she possibly can. So, of course, she wants the maximum possible amount of science. As a consequence there seems to be a vast amount of money available for research. As a contrast, there is the case of France, where owing to the crises and rising unemployment the money for research has just been cut down, along with the salaries and numbers of the civil servants and academic teachers.

Science and Social Planning

LEVY: That suggests my next point. Do you think with many other scientific men that they could solve these social problems by approaching them in a scientific spirit, in what they call an impartial frame of mind? Or do you agree with me that planning can proceed only after one's social bias has been laid bare? What I mean is that only after you have decided the kind of society you would like to see built up, and only after you have satisfied

yourself that it is a possible society to build up, can the scientist be called in? He does not and cannot plan in a vacuum.

BLACKETT: I think that in the first place scientists haven't the remotest chance of being allowed to run the country. If they did they would find that the necessary changes would be so drastic that their own social positions would be involved. So they would split on the political issues. It is due to this that I am not in agreement with those who believe that we can cure our troubles simply by using more science.

LEVY: So you hold that the application of science to society becomes not a scientific but a political problem? I think then you would agree with me also that there must be a deeper sense in which the problem is scientific—in the sense that these biases can be understood and allowed for, becoming part of the problem; and that when we do this, we can treat it objectively.

BLACKETT: Ah yes, but that means reaching out to a social science on a higher level of objectivity.

LEVY: Now I want to turn to a different question. During the past few years, as you know, there has been a great to-do because some scientific men think they have detected in Relativity and the Quantum Theory the evidence of a central core of mystery and free-will in inanimate nature. But let me quote Sir James Jeans: 'From the intrinsic evidence of his creation the Great Architect of the Universe now begins to appear as a pure mathematician'. What is your view of this, as a scientific proposition?

BLACKETT: As a scientific proposition, I think, these ideas are meaningless. It may seem a little far-fetched at first, but I really do think that this type of philosophic attitude is just one of the reactions to the muddle of our social structure. It seems to me a 'flight from reality' in the sense that it seeks a purely personal and intellectual satisfaction in a world of emotional ideas. There are two separate sets of ideas which these writers have put forward. The first consists of legitimate scientific-speculation about the best scientific description of the universe. Then there is the attempt to found an emotional philosophic attitude on the scientific theory. I do not myself believe that these attempts have any scientific validity at all. The trouble is that they gain prestige by being so closely intertwined with the scientific theories themselves. As a matter of fact, I don't think most scientists are very sympathetic to these ideas, but few take the trouble to say so.

LEVY: Yes, that is a rather important distinction. I suppose this attitude is an easy one for scientific men to slip into since they tend to take such an objective view of the scientific process, and a detached standpoint with regard to the social consequences of their work.

BLACKETT: Yes. The scientific habit of working with a medium where their feelings are of little direct account leads them to imagine that in other fields they also either have no feelings or bias, or that they can keep their feelings out of it all. It's a fallacy, but they slip easily into a false attitude of objectivity.

LEVY: In the light of all this what do you, as a scientific man, conceive the future of science is going to be like?

BLACKETT: Well, isn't it clear now that it is impossible to separate the future of science from the question of what kind of society we will have in the future? It seems to me that the continued existence of large bodies of unemployed makes a reaction against science inevitable. If the present organisation of capitalist society cannot cure unemployment, it will be forced to restrict the application of science. If, on the other hand, a social organisation arises which can distribute all it can produce, and so has no unemployment problem, one may expect a very rapid development of science. It seems to me that such a society may already be in existence in Russia.

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PROFESSOR LEVY: Professor Blackett was at great pains to show us the powerful attraction that experimental physics held for him personally, the excitement of the chase, the subordination of the excitement to the objective needs of the experiment, and the dramatic joy of the final discovery. That was in one way an intensely personal description but one whose *r's* would be crossed by all other members of the profession. You can also see clearly where his desires as a scientific man lie. He wants to be allowed to get on with the pleasurable job, but more than that, in common with other scientific men, he asserted he would like to feel that in a general way it was good for humanity. Now having seen his personal desires and his social bias, let us jump out of his skin, as it were, and have a look at the scientific movement of which he is a part. Think of the mathematicians, the astronomers, the physicists, the chemists, the physiologists, the biologists, the geologists and the engineers all called into existence as a sort of co-operative group at a comparatively late stage in the history of mankind, no more really than three generations ago at the most, and only to any really great extent during the past thirty years. Why has it been called into being? Clearly to satisfy the wants and desires of the purchasing section of the community, and to extend their wants and desires. Now

don't let us make any mistake. It was not called into being to satisfy the needs of the scientist; a newcomer, as Professor Blackett explained, takes the laboratory as he finds it. The scientists and science were brought into existence to satisfy a social demand; broadly speaking, the demands of an expanding and increasingly efficient system of production, and the desires of those who directed and controlled it. The scientists don't direct and control it. On the contrary, Professor Blackett assured us that he didn't believe they would ever get a chance of controlling it. No, but since the scientist gets his joy by the pursuit of science, and has a social bias in favour of science being used for the benefit of mankind, the question 'What is going to happen to Science in Society?' becomes a very vital question to him. If for one reason or another science is crushed or thwarted, or in his view misdirected, his desires are going to be frustrated. A scientific man therefore who, donning social blinkers, says 'I am concerned only with the detailed technique of my job', and yet has an unconscious desire that his work should benefit humanity, is already half dead to the world about him. And yet is that not the position that has been suggested by almost all our specialists? Have they not practically all donned the blinkers and asserted that their business was with the technique of the job only? It seems clear that if science is to be scientific about itself, it will have to study itself as a social phenomenon. Applied science in the true sense of the term is a problem in sociology, and to divorce the two is to let the real inter-connected, inter-related world slip through between one's fingers.

Now the engineer who, perhaps more than anyone else, stands in the front line of scientific advance or retreat in the sense that he it is who brings to social practice the findings of science, has already in this series complained bitterly of that very frustration. If it really is the case that one of the signs of present decay, as Professor Blackett also points out, is this retreat back to an anti-scientific and to an irrational age, and if we do not bestir ourselves to understand and control this, then it is clear that not only is the scientist and the engineer going to have his desires frustrated but every other person who shares these social ideals.

As a matter of fact, when we come to talk to people of all types, provided they are what we call civilised, they do share these ideals, they do desire to see science used for the continuous enrichment of life; but society as we have it is not a simple unit like an individual. An individual, as I have pointed out, can bring his unconscious desires to the fore and can help adjust his life to make them real by understanding the society in which he lives. Can this be done with society? I leave this problem to you. Remember that society is socially divided into classes, and that therefore its valuations, its desires and hopes are not the same throughout. Can society become master of its fate, direct its future as long as its subconscious desires conflict? Can it know what it wants? To pursue this question would, I think, take me too far afield at the moment, but I would suggest that the clue to the problem lies in these further considerations. Science has been pursued for a specific social purpose as we have seen, not for an individual purpose primarily. Whose business is it to study Society? We can see that when a scientific discovery is made, there are individuals and groups of individuals to apply these discoveries to society; they make and patent inventions and exploit them for profit. But if there is no one or no group whose business it is to apply the results of a study of what is happening to society and the laws that govern it, why should anyone bother to study it? And if we have studied it, who is going to apply the results?

Why has physical science during the past few years come to make such a popular appeal? If we take the various types of mathematical universes—we have been assured by different mathematicians—we inhabit, if we take the theories about the constitution of the atom and of the inner structure and age of stars, it is all no stranger or more romantic than the earlier theories. Then why this sudden interest now, and why have scientific writers sprung forward to satisfy it? Moreover, why is it that only the more idealistic interpretations of science have evoked such a wide response now among the reading public? Is it because the stresses of these times are driving people to reach out for an escape? If we cannot escape by using science to change the world to something worth escaping into, then are we trying to escape into a romantic world of romantic ideas that requires no action and little thought—merely feeling—and that a feeling of aloofness from grim reality?

I pointed out earlier in this series that every method of analysis tells us more about the Universe we live in. The danger is to suppose that any one method tells us everything. Here precisely do we see this following in operation. On the basis of a mathematical analysis with all its limitations and its restrictions, we are offered by these writers an all inclusive philosophy of a much wider Universe than they have been able to embrace. The result cannot but be fallacious and misleading.

Island Tour—IV

The Shetland Islands

By S. P. B. MAIS

THERE are about a hundred small islands in Shetland, but only twenty are inhabited; the mainland is a long narrow neck about seventy miles from north to south, but only about two or three miles in most places between the Atlantic and the North Sea. Its very rocky coast is cut into by a multitude of fiords, which are called 'voes'. Shetland, like Orkney, is almost entirely devoid of trees, and on its lower slopes I saw crofters at work in their green strips and on their freshly turned-up earth. The higher slopes are all bare brown moorland. There are clusters of one-storeyed cottages with domes of thatch or slate roofs near the shores of the voes, many

was a case of twelve bottles, which was more than I could afford, or, for the matter of that, I drink in a year. This may have been the reason why the motor coach that I caught on the following morning (Sunday) for Hillswick, was full. At Hillswick a man may buy his drink as he buys his jumpers—retail, one at a time. But thirty-five miles seemed a long way to go for that.

The road to Hillswick runs right along the spine of the mainland. First I found myself looking down on the green fertile valley of Tingwall, with a loch in the middle of it. Here, as at Tynwald in the Isle of Man, and Thingvalla in Iceland, was the meeting-place of the Althing of the Norsemen, where the

Great Fowd judged the people, and the Laws were proclaimed from a circle of stones. When judgment was pronounced on a murderer, the men stood armed with sticks and stones, and the culprit had to run the gauntlet. The hedgeless road then struck north, with three narrow fiords coming in from the east, and after that came the large inland loch of Girlsta, and then a barren brown treeless moorland with occasional speckled Shetland sheep, smaller and less fleecy than the Hebridean, and shaggy Shetland ponies. In all these miles I saw only one passer-by—an old woman in a shawl, carrying a stick in one hand and a tin can in the other, driving a sheep and a lamb.

At Voe I saw the deserted red sheds of the once famous whaling station, and my immediate neighbour, a bearded seaman who turned out to be the skipper of the *Explorer*, Captain Fraser, who had left his professors to measure their fish and draw their graphs, told me that

the Shetland whalers had now all gone to South Georgia. He also told me that the flesh of the whale is sold as beef, that the fin-fibre is sent to France to be made into silk, and the bones boiled into cattle feed. 'Cows love eating whale', he said. He showed me the place in St. Magnus Bay where the ships used to collect during the War, waiting for their convoy across the Atlantic. Across the Bay he pointed out the island of Papa Stour, where the Seven Champions of Christendom still dance the sword-dance to the fiddle of their minstrel. I saw fiddles hanging on the walls of many crofts. On this rock of Papa Stour an earl's son was



A hungry multitude

of them like the Hebridean black houses, and as we passed the place where the old *St. Sunniva* was wrecked four years ago I saw on the rocky island of Mousa, a tall, round, black prehistoric fort just above the beach. The new *St. Sunniva*, all white and splendid, looking more like a private yacht than a mail steamer, came out of Lerwick Harbour on her way south just as we sailed in at six o'clock. Our journey of 187 miles from Aberdeen had taken just twenty-four hours.

Lerwick has a fine natural harbour owing to the island of Bressay, which lies only half-a-mile or so across the Sound and protects it from the north and east. There I saw gaily painted herring drifters—at the height of the season about 600 of them can be seen at once; a Norwegian lumber boat; a Dutch naval patrol; the British sloop *Spey*, trawler-chasing; the minesweeper *Fitzroy*, charting; the Fisheries Board research drifter *Explorer*, full of professors drawing graphs and measuring fish; the steamer *Earl of Zetland* that plies between the islands, and any number of small craft.

As in Stornoway, the whole town came down to the quay to greet us, and with them a number of little brown Shetland dogs. Feeling extremely cold I tried to get a drink, only to find that Lerwick is 'dry'. There are no pubs; there are plenty of wool shops, so I bought heaps of Shetland wool, but I still lacked internal warmth. In the shop where I asked for a glass of whisky I was told that the least amount I could have



Shetland meadow

Photographs: Rattar, Lerwick

once imprisoned for 26 years by his father for refusing to fight a duel, and rescued by the united efforts of a lady missionary and an Irish lecturer.

Beyond Papa Stour he showed me the dim outline of the terrible rocks of the Ve Skerries. 'Four years ago this March', he said, 'we were called out early one Sunday morning in a boiling sea, and saw, wedged on the reef, the Aberdeen trawler *Ben Doran*. There were seven of her men clinging to the rigging, but we couldn't get near her. The Stromness lifeboat came 120 miles, and a flying-boat all the way from Felixstowe, but she had broken up by that time. It wasn't any good. No ship that has hit the Ve Skerries has ever got off. There's a whistling buoy there now, with a light. And it's about time'. Thirty miles away to the West stands the island of Foula, the Ultima Thule of Agricola's fleet. Its sea cliffs are the highest in the British Isles, rising nearly 1300 feet straight up out of the sea.

In the lounge of the unexpectedly handsome wooden frame hotel at Hills-wick I found an equally unexpectedly large crowd. At least a dozen people passed the window coming out of church, and at two o'clock I attended a roll-call in the Post Office, when the names of those for whom there were letters were read out, and the Sunday papers of the previous Sunday were handed over the counter. 'Anderson', 'Jamieson', 'Henderson', 'Sanderson', 'Armour of Braeland'—ran the rich roll; and 'Here' they all answered, like boys at school. Half-a-dozen young crofters in blue suits and caps hung courteously at the back, while a full-lipped, eager-eyed young girl leaned forward waiting for her name to be called out, but there was nothing for her. There were many letters from all

over the world, and many fathers and mothers waiting for news. The Shetlander is a most widely-travelled man; seafaring has always been his trade. It is said that the Orkneyman is a crofter with a boat; and the Shetlander a fisherman with a croft—and certainly these Shetland crofters wore seamen's rubber boots or slippers made of seal-skin in the fields. Almost every man I spoke to had covered the seven seas, leaving the women to knit the shawls and look after the croft and the children.

On the way home in the evening there was much more life and much more colour. Boys in Fair Isle jumpers, arm in arm with girls in coats of blue and red, lit up the dun brown of the moor. The peats were shining chocolate brown, the walls or dykes were grey as the mist that hung over Ronas Hill, there were flashes of yellow kingcups in the green valleys, there were many piebald ponies and piebald sheep, and one pasture was almost as vivid as alfalfa. There were cars, bicycles and motor-bicycles to be seen on the roads that ran along the shores of this or that voe in the distance. The island had woken up. But there

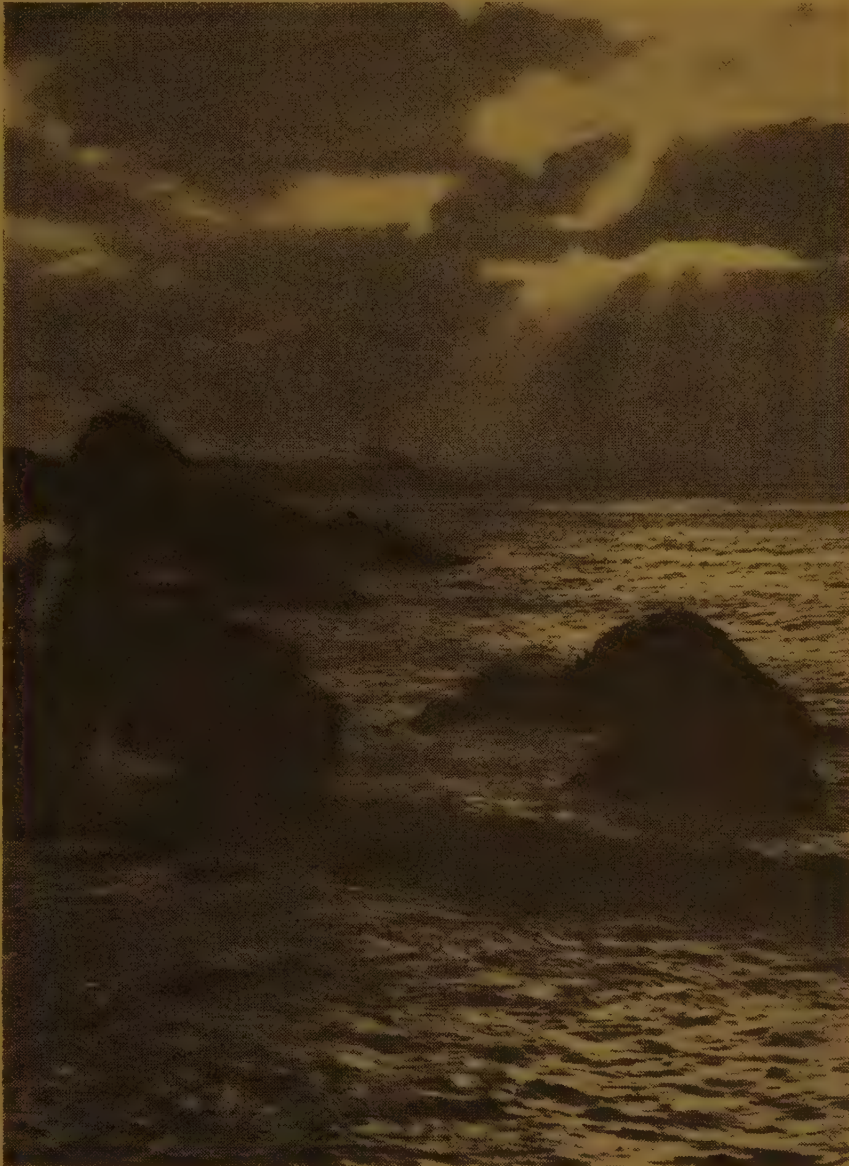
were no rivers, no trees, and very few island birds—no cuckoo, no plover, no swallow. All the birds in which Shetland is so rich are sea-birds, just as all the scenery in which Shetland is so rich is rock scenery.

On Monday I was shown the mysteries of the *Explorer*, and Dr. Gibbons, the professor in charge, showed me the chart by which he hopes to prove that the warm Atlantic sweeps round the Muckle Flugga, the northernmost point of Shetland, and then across to Norway. Only a comparative trickle comes across the roosts of Fair Isle and Sumburgh. This is tested by taking the changes in temperature of sunken water bottles. The drift of the current is tested by letting bottles loose and hoping they will be picked up. Herrings are taken out of the sea and marked with

a black disc to find out the course the fish take. I was shown the leptocephalus and other pickled ghosts of weird monsters, and assured that we have by no means yet gauged the size to which creatures can grow in the sea. Fish are apparently tested for age, as trees are, by rings, but they are liable to get rings of interference through shock, which is a proof that fish suffer from nerves. A reward of two shillings was offered above the value of the fish for any recovered with the disc, but this led to the transference of the disc on to heavier and more expensive fish—so it had to be abandoned.

As the result of a conversation that I had in the wardroom of *Fitzroy* with Commander Hughes, who is an expert on wild birds, I spent the whole of Tuesday in a howling north-east gale, on the bird sanctuary on the island of Noss, off Bressay.

I climbed over the rough moorland of Bressay to Noss Sound, and shouted across the water for the shepherd to ferry me over. He agreed



The Shetlands in winter: on the coast near Lerwick

that the weather was cold. 'It feels like snow', he said, 'you'll find that it's often warmer in winter in Shetland than in the summer, for in the dark winter the wind's in the south, but in the summer when it's light all through the night, the wind's in the north'. As I climbed over the rough moor towards the Noup I was attacked by hosts of great skuas who quite fearlessly swooped down on to my head to try to frighten me away from their nests. These huge large speckled birds lie in wait for the gulls to come home with their prey and force them to disgorge, and they only allow the eider-duck, who cover their nests with eider-down, to nest near them. As I drew closer to the high cliff of the Noup I heard a wild chattering like a school suddenly let out to play, and soon I was looking at a 600 ft. high cliff-face cut up into narrow ledges, and every ledge filled with clinging birds. Here a patch of black where the tysties, or guillemots, stand each above its one egg, looking like mussels on a rock, here white, where the gulls stand, and here black and white, in the razorbill colony. The whole sea was dotted with birds looking like drops



Herring station at work

Photograph: Rattar, Lerwick

of rain. It seemed impossible that there should be enough fish to feed so great a multitude. It was too bitterly cold to look long, but just round the corner, in the shelter of the inaccessible Holm of Noss, I saw a family of grey seals—father, mother and baby—basking on a rock, while close by my side tiny red-beaked puffins darted in and out of rabbit holes, where they lay their eggs out of reach of the marauders. Overhead were flying the delicate black Arctic skuas with their one tail feather, the lovely white swallow-tailed black-capped tern, fully gorged gannets, cormorants, and more razorbills, and, for the first time in the memory of man on this island, a pair of jackdaws. This was the last place the white-tailed eagle was seen, and peregrines have not—luckily for the puffins—been seen for the last year or two.

I should like to have seen this bird sanctuary of Noss and the great caves that have been punched into these rocks, from the sea, but it was too rough. In every cottage that I called the woman of the house had always one soft Shetland jumper or shawl that she had knitted, and it always smelt, as it should, of sulphur. For this she wanted only half-a-sovereign. It must be a standard price. I should like to have seen the islanders fiddling and dancing their native reels, and I should like to have seen the ceremony of Up-Helly-aa, a Norse ritual that takes place at the end of January. It consists of a procession in the black night of a replica of a Viking war-galley, on the poop of which stands the Guizer-Jarl in full Norse mail coat, raven-winged helmet, battle-axe and shield. When the bugle call is sounded, his 300 torch-bearers hurl their flares on to the galley, which is then burnt, and the guizers dance and drink with the girls in every hall that is open. This festival, combined with the Christian surnames and place names, serve as a vivid reminder of the fact that until 1469 Shetland was Norse, and still retains most strongly her Scandinavian characteristics. Strictly speaking, Shetland is still only held in pawn by Great Britain.

As I started for home on the *St. Sunniva* the next day, I saw the drifters that had been out on that windy Tuesday night, going out of harbour to dump in the sea their catch of twelve hundred crans of herrings that the curers would not buy. Indeed the sea is a hard and profitless calling.

By my side were ten men (dressed in clothes that they had got from the Shipwrecked Mariners' Society) who had been picked

up in an open boat a hundred miles out the day before, after a whole night in a fiendishly cold gale and rough sea with no protection. Their trawler had sprung a leak and they had to take to the sea in a small boat and watch her sink. 'Her bows stood straight up on end between us and the setting sun', said one; 'And then we were alone with the sun'. 'Another half-hour and we should have been done', said another. 'I'm in the engine room', said a third, 'I was nearly dead with the cold. I rowed all numb'. 'It's the third time I've been wrecked', said a fourth. 'We were throwing oil in front of the bows to take off the worst of the waves, and then the small boat sprang a leak. We tried stopping that with margarine', said a fifth. They still wore the strained look of men who have just stared death in the face, and were hardly able to realise on which side of the grave they were standing.

It seemed an odd voyage for the month of June in British waters. We rolled back to Aberdeen without touching Kirkwall, in 15 hours, and as soon as we got to the railway station the booking-clerk asked us if we wanted a threepenny insurance ticket. The reply of the shipwrecked mate of the *James Evans* was worth hearing!

According to an American pamphlet, the substance of which is circulated by the Performing Right Society under the title 'How Broadcasting has Killed the Sale of Music', the sales of sheet music and of gramophone records in U.S.A. have, owing to the advent of radio, declined during recent years to practically nothing. In 1931 only 51,000 pianos were manufactured, as compared with 131,000 in 1929; while royalties from the sale of gramophone records have between 1927 and 1932 dropped to $\frac{1}{10}$ of what they previously were. Regular retail outlets for sheet music in the U.S. have declined in the same period from 8,000 to 2,000. All this is attributed to the spread of radio; but the reader of this circular is not reminded that during the period in question the U.S. has passed through the biggest trade slump recorded in modern history. In the light of this fact, it would indeed be marvellous if the sales of music and records had *not* shown a big decline since 1929. But how much of the decline is due to economic depression and how much to the spread of radio is a question not thought worthy of treatment in this misleading document.

Points from Letters

Owing to the pressure upon its space, THE LISTENER is able to publish only a selection from the correspondence which it receives. Correspondents are asked to write briefly and to the point, and are reminded that name and address must always be given, even where their publication is not desired. THE LISTENER, of course, undertakes no responsibility for the views expressed in these columns. Preference will be given to letters which do not employ a nom-de-plume

Helping the Unemployed

I have listened with much sympathy to the accounts of hardship and injustice which are being given in the 'Time to Spare' series; and while I would not discourage anyone so disposed from responding to the appeal for help, I feel my own experience in trying to relieve suffering and right wrongs may be a guide and perhaps a warning to those who, like myself, are capable of feeling keen disappointment on finding that a large expenditure of care, thought, time and money count for almost nothing.

About six years ago we undertook to assist an unemployed young man, his wife and baby. At the time they were receiving outdoor poor relief, the man's benefit having expired. The mother was able to earn a little by domestic work. Our friends and we helped with money, special food for the baby, furniture, clothes, linen, holidays and so on. We had the mother professionally instructed in child welfare, and books on the subject were bought for her and studied with her. The child was cared for while she was out working, nursed during various ailments and after an operation, and hospital fees and private doctors' bills were paid. Promises were given that if the parents would not add to our burden and lessen their own capacity by having more children, we would, as time went on, send the child to a good school and afterwards, if possible, have her trained for some work that she liked and seemed naturally adapted for. The parents gratefully agreed. The mother was properly instructed in methods of family limitation and given the necessary adjuncts. We expected, in our turn, that the parents would provide a good home influence for their child, and improve themselves and their position as they could.

We found that when the child was in their care the parents disregarded the Welfare Centre's instructions as to feeding, sleeping and fresh air. Into their two very small rooms they took as lodger an actively immoral woman and her illegitimate child. The mother's sister was living a loose life and was a constant visitor. The parents quarrelled and committed acts of violence on each other in the child's presence. They had two more children, although the man was nearly always unemployed. They used obscene language and taught it to the child. They took another lodger who suffered from fits of a very unpleasant kind which the child witnessed as a matter of course. Due to overcrowding, no doubt, they observed no personal decency whatever in the child's presence, with (in the opinion of experts who examined her) serious results to the child. In temper the mother commits deplorable acts of violence on the child, though they are not serious enough, it seems, for the law to be invoked. The child is developing disastrously, and bids fair to become a social menace. We struggled with the situation for years, striving to be patient and wise, and taking expert advice at various stages; but at length we were forced to abandon our efforts, and now only keep a distant watch on the child. We have no reason to believe that these parents are specially bad of their kind. They are both willing workers—the mother works well and the father has never lost any of his casual jobs by his own fault. They are the product of a social system that needs altering at its very foundations, and as such are not to blame. Until we have devised better social machinery, our best efforts, I feel, must be largely nugatory.

London, N.W. 11

A. V.

I read with interest Mrs. Pelly's letter about a scheme for well-to-do families 'adopting' those in distressed areas. The possibility of doing this had already occurred to us here, and we feel sure that if the necessary organisation could be started, a large number of people in the South and West of England would gladly undertake to send clothing, etc., to the North. In spite of its name, the fruits of the Personal Service League are bound to be impersonal to a large extent. It would be with a sense of personal responsibility for just one family in need that those of us in happier circumstances would so willingly give time and energy. We should know that the clothes we made really fitted the recipients, and I am sure that the latter would appreciate this interest and help if it were given in a sympathetic and practical

way. I should be glad to know whether a Guild is formed as Mrs. Pelly suggests.

Farnham

RUTH W. VERNER

The Legend of Byard's Leap

In Mr. Boumphrey's talk, 'Down Ermine Street', an account is given of the legend of the horseshoes of Byard's Leap, near Cranwell Aerodrome. The story is told in several forms in Lincolnshire and Notts, but the only form that seems to be consistent is one which explains how the rider got the witch to go for the ride.

The following account was given to me by Mr. William Parnham of Ollerton, Notts, on his deathbed; he came from a Lincolnshire family, was born in the old age of his father, and spoke readily on occasion of events that happened more than a century ago. If we admit the great age of the story, and its reappearance in different ages in the dress of the period, the point of this tale may have its interest for anthropologists. At the time of the Peninsular War, a troop of cavalry was stationed at Cranwell; the witch caused, as was her wont, much trouble with the horses; supply carts were overturned at the cross-roads, horses stampeded, and finally, one of the animals was found with its ears cut off; the only remedy was to remove the cause of these ills. It was arranged by the cavalrymen that one of their number, chosen by lot, should mount the first of their horses to lift its head from drinking, and issue the unenviable invitation to the witch to go for a ride. The cavalryman rode to the witch's cave, and called to her. She came to the door, and said, 'Wait till I've buckled my shoes and suckled my cubs, and I'll be with ye'. But the horse, sensing the witch, reared, and the cavalryman, fearing the witch's bane, drew his sword, and slashed her across the breast. As the blood began to flow, the witch cried out, 'There, ye've gotten the power over me'. So without more ado, the cavalryman lifted her on to his saddle and the horse in terror leapt sixty feet. But when he came to rest the woman was dead, for a witch that bleeds loses her powers and must die.

Mr. Parnham, who told me this story, still believed that there might be witches even in 1932, the year of his death, and he had other tales to tell about how to deal with them; but for him and his forefathers the only safe way was to make them bleed.

Mansfield

E. J. H. DUNNIALIFF

Roman Roads in Dorset

On page 953 of THE LISTENER is a map showing, at Axminster, a junction of the Silchester-Dorchester and Fosse Way routes. Such a meeting of the ways did not exist in Roman days. The invaders journeyed only some ten miles west of Dorchester, and then were faced by an impassable region (in a military sense) of dense forest and marshland some sixteen miles across—the region viewed by Mr. Boumphrey from Eggardon Camp. In 1925 the Ordnance Survey sought, by local enquiry, evidence of Roman occupation in West Dorset. So far as I know none relating to roads was forthcoming. About 150 years ago various Acts were passed for the widening and straightening of the road between the Eggardon Camp neighbourhood and Honiton in Devon. I think it will be conceded that had a Roman road existed it would not have needed 'straightening'. Render unto the Romans the things that are Roman but—nothing more.

Palmers Green

H. A. FRY

Trade Unionism in China

Mr. Walter M. Citrine, in the talk printed in THE LISTENER of May 30, hardly does justice to the Labour movement in China. If a trade union means any combination, whether temporary or permanent, for regulating the relations between masters and workmen, then historically the Trade Unions or Guilds of China are the oldest in the world. In the Guild Halls, which were to be found in every important city, questions relating to the rules and regulations regarding the different trades were discussed and settled. In 1921 there were 72 of these Guilds in

Canton, and in the same year there were 107,000 members of the different Guilds in Peking.

The Guilds have since been transformed into Labour Unions, and at the fourth Congress at Hankow on May 1, 1926, there were 2,800,000 workers represented. The strongest of these Labour organisations are found in the communications industry (104,000), textiles (86,000) and food industries (58,000)—a total of 248,000. The membership of the Labour Unions at three of the largest ports are: Canton (108,000), Shanghai (68,000), and Hankow (57,000)—a total of 233,000. According to Mr. Citrine, in Japan, where the Trade Unions are 'active and virile', there are 235,000 members. As will be seen, there are nearly as many members in three cities of China as in the whole of Japan, though the Industrial Revolution did not start in China until much later.

As to the local character of the Labour Unions in China, when the Seamen's Union struck for better conditions and higher wages in Hongkong on January 13, 1922, they were supported by workers in other parts of China as well as by all branches of industry in the Colony. Within a month 166 steamers were held up, with a loss of two-and-a-half million dollars, and the complete paralysis of the industrial life of the island. That strike lasted from January 13 to March 6, 1922, when the combined forces of employers and Government capitulated, the Order declaring the Seamen's Union unlawful being rescinded, and the wages of the seamen increased. There was a gigantic parade held to celebrate the victory of the seamen.

Saltdean, Sussex

J. P. DONOVAN

Violence at Fascist Meetings

Extraordinary scenes of brutality at Olympia are attested by a number of responsible witnesses. I should therefore like to appeal through your columns to the actual victims of assault and to eye-witnesses, to furnish my Council with authentic records of unnecessary violence on the part of Fascist stewards. We have been conducting throughout the country a vigorous campaign in defence of civil rights, and our activities have been by no means confined to organising opposition to the Incitement to Disaffection Bill. The records which we desire to obtain regarding violence at Olympia are, as I have said, those furnished by responsible eye-witnesses, and such statements should clearly be of such a nature that their accuracy can be sworn to in an affidavit. We invite all those who care for the preservation of civil liberty to write to us for further particulars of our organisation, and to enrol as associate members.

Council for Civil Liberties,

3 Dansey Place, W.1

RONALD KIDD

(Secretary)

Property and Prosperity

Sir Raymond Unwin is undoubtedly correct in attributing the catastrophic character of the slump in the United States to widespread and extravagant speculation in land values. He is very far from the facts, however, in saying that the 'application in an extreme form of Henry George's single tax has served to aggravate the collapse'. Henry George's proposal is not in operation in any part of the United States. If it had been, there would have been an exactly opposite tale to tell. If taxation had been concentrated on land values, as Henry George proposed, it would not have paid anyone to buy land for speculative purposes. Land would only have been bought for use, and valuable land would not have been held out of use, thereby causing all values to be inflated.

Sir Raymond revives the fantastic idea that land-value taxation causes sky-scrapers to be built. This is evidently untenable, because the alleged cause does not exist; but, conversely, what prevents them from being built in this country? Is it our archaic system of local taxation, or is it our building by-laws? Finally, may I point out that the local rating of land values actually is in operation in many parts of Australia and New Zealand without any of the disastrous results which Sir Raymond erroneously attributes to it in the United States.

London, S.W. 1

F. C. R. DOUGLAS

Belief in a Future Life

In the excellent discussion between Dr. Moberly and a Layman, Dr. Moberly says, in reply to a question from the Layman, 'Personal survival is of very small religious importance'. Surely in saying this he is very much overstating the Christian case as opposed to that of the Spiritualist. Cut out from the Church services all references, in hymns, prayers and sermons, to the future life of the individual, and let us see how much is left. Later on Dr. Moberly seems to qualify this statement; he wants

the proof of a future life to depend for the Christian on the certainty of the existence of God. But does one proof exclude the other, and would not the certainty, which today certainly does not exist, of a future life, however arrived at, bring immense comfort to numberless people not only for themselves but also for the sake of their dear ones? It would, I submit, make life more worth while instead of less worth while, as the Layman seems to suggest—not for the sake of any reward it would bring, but because of the hope of being able to carry on our work and our friendships further. In these circumstances I cannot agree, nor do I think most people would really agree, 'that the phenomena of psychical research have only a scientific interest'.

Barcelona

C. H. D. GRIMES

Eclecticism and Tradition

In an article in THE LISTENER of May 30 Mr. Herbert Read gives an interesting definition of the terms 'eclecticism' and 'tradition'. The distinction he makes is a vital one; but surely he is mistaken in suggesting that 'it is only in recent years that there has been any desire to return to fundamental realities'. There is a passage in Mr. Kenneth Clark's *Gothic Revival* which Mr. Read may have overlooked, but which is worth quoting for the light it throws on one of the dark places of artistic controversy:

'This is a universal law', wrote Ruskin. 'No person who is not a great sculptor and painter can be an architect. If he is not a sculptor and painter he can only be a builder'. To which Webb would have replied, 'A builder is precisely what I want to be. It is your high-falutin architects who have landed us in our present fix, and the only way out is to make our houses strong, practical and economical, with windows which don't let in draughts, and chimneys which don't smoke. From this we may evolve a new style'. This doctrine has shown an extraordinary power of survival, and still shelters men with such different ideals as Professor Lethaby and M. Le Corbusier, and nearly all the young architects on the Continent have made it their gospel.

Now Philip Webb's first house, Red House, was built more than seventy years ago, and before that Pugin had advocated, though he failed to realise, an architecture based on structure rather than on style. Both the Webb and the Le Corbusier schools of building are well founded; the one in a deep-rooted local patriotism, the other in the realities of modern engineering. From a practical point of view there is little to choose between them. It remains to be seen whether the mechanical motive will generally prove itself stronger than local sentiment.

Ashford

P. A. RICE

Cretinism and Iodine Deficiency

In his talk on the ductless glands which appeared in THE LISTENER of May 3, Mr. Gerald Heard said that cretins were generally found in mountain valleys because they were cut off from the iodine which is present in sea air. The normal supply of iodine to the body comes from food and drink, and the reason why cretinism and simple goitre occur in certain districts is not because those districts are mountainous or at a distance from the sea, but because the soil is deficient in iodine and consequently the food grown there and the drinking water also lack this element. Another explanation is that there are certain bacteria or protozoa present in soil or water which remove the iodine or prevent its absorption from the alimentary tract.

St. John's College, Oxford

CLIFFORD EXELL

'Gilding the Pill?'

'Music is performed, not served: you may serve food in a dozen ways, all of them good and appetising, but all you can do for classical music is to perform it as well as possible'. This quotation from Dr. Harvey Grace's letter reveals the basic difference between his views and mine. When applied to music as heard in the concert-hall, Dr. Grace's contention is true up to a point, yet only part of the truth (for the quality of performance isn't quite all—the discomfort of a hard seat or a stuffy hall are considerable factors in musical appreciation!), but when Dr. Grace's statement is applied to music by radio it is fallacious. When you broadcast music you do *serve* it, through a new medium—the loudspeaker—and in my contention you must be prepared to recognise the peculiarities of that medium.

London, E.C. 4

LESLIE BAILY

'Microphotography' or 'Photomicrography'?

In the details of your new photographic competition, you include 'microphotography' in the list of subjects. Should this not be the opposite process, 'photomicrography'? Vide the *New English Dictionary*, from which it is apparent that the confusion in terms which existed last century has now been resolved.

Sheffield

R. O. ILIFFE

Round the Carlyles' House

By FILSON YOUNG

An extract from Mr. Filson Young's broadcast in the Carlyle program on June 10, exactly a hundred years after Thomas and Jane Carlyle took possession of No. 5 Cheyne Row, Chelsea (since numbered 24), now in possession of the Carlyle House Memorial Trust. The illustration shows Carlyle at work in his study

LET us have Carlyle's own description of his house as he wrote to Jane before she had seen it:

The street is flag-paved, sunk-storied, iron-railed, all old-fashioned and tightly done up; looks out on a rank of sturdy old pollarded lime trees, standing there like giants in unkempt wigs. The house itself is eminent, antique; wainscotted to the very ceiling, and has been all new painted and repaired; broadish stair, with massive balustrade (in the old style) corniced and as thick as one's thigh; floors firm as a rock, wood of them here and there worm-eaten yet capable of cleanness, and still thrice the strength of a modern floor. And then as to room . . . three storeys besides the sunk storey; in every one of them three apartments. On the whole a most massive, roomy, sufficient old house; with places, for example, to hang say three dozen hats or cloaks on; and as many crevices, and queer old presses, and shelved closets (all tight and new-painted in their way) as would gratify the most covetous Goody. Rent £35!

The house was a hundred years old when Carlyle first saw it. It is a hundred years older now. It is strongly and honestly built, and we who own it and care for it hope, with the help of the public (and I hope you will send us help, however little), to hand it down from generation to generation so long as the story of its tenants is told and their memory abides. Each floor consists of three rooms opening one out of the other from back to front. This front room where I am sitting was the parlour.

The middle one was the dining-room and the third a china closet. The dining-room table, now in the front parlour, is the table from which this broadcast is being given. The middle room contains bookcases and a long glass-topped table, containing treasures, manuscripts and other things associated personally with the Carlyles. The Carlyle House Memorial Trust has gradually acquired them by purchase, loan or gift, since the house was first acquired 40 years ago. The walls of this floor are wainscotted; and it is interesting to note Mrs. Carlyle's practical and thrifty reaction to the information. This is what she wrote to Carlyle: 'The wainscot up the ceiling—is it painted? If in the original state, hardly any number of candles (not to speak of only two) will suffice to light it. And another idea presents itself along with that wainscot—if bugs have been in the house, must they not have found there, as well as the inmates, room without end?' Very practical this; but she was reassured when she learned of the light cream that the wainscot was painted—as it is today—and that the other inmates might be kept at bay.

Now come upstairs with me, up the beautiful carved staircase. Like the stone steps at the door, these treads have been worn by the feet of a great company of those who were most eminent and best worthy of remembrance during the last century. At the top of the stairs we come to the largest room of the house, a fine drawing-room with three windows. When the Carlyles first came, this room was divided into two, but Mrs. Carlyle, who was continually altering and rearranging and decorating and refurbishing up the whole house, had the room lengthened and made into what it is today. She was very proud of this drawing-room, as indeed well she might be. Like the other rooms of the house, it has that proportion which is the secret of beauty in all architecture, domestic or otherwise.

This room is not furnished today as a drawing-room. It contains, like the others, relics and treasures in cases and bookshelves. It contains Mrs. Carlyle's piano and the easy chair given to Carlyle by John Forster, with its reading-stand attached. A stuffed leather chair, moulded, one might swear, to the shape of the body that sat in it, so that if you look at it long enough, you may almost see a misty embodiment of the old figure in a plaid dressing-gown that occupied it for so many weary or resting hours.

But in this room too is something which alone would make a pilgrimage to this house worth while. It is a glass panel framing two letters so that the writing on each side of the pages can be read. The first is a letter from Disraeli offering

Carlyle, on behalf of Her Majesty the Queen, either a baronetcy or the Grand Cross of the Bath.

The other is Carlyle's letter declining the proposed honours. Disraeli's letter itself is magnanimous and fine, but Carlyle's is one of the noblest expressions of the dignity of independence that is to be found in our language. Some listeners will remember Dr. Johnson's famous letter to Lord Chesterfield in somewhat similar circumstances, but Carlyle's surpasses that, both in dignity, in beauty and in pathos.

5, Cheyne Row, Chelsea,
December 29, 1874.

To the Rt. Hon. B. Disraeli,

Sir,

Yesterday, to my great surprise I had the honour to receive your letter containing a magnificent proposal for my benefit, which will be memorable to me for the rest of my life. Allow me to say that the letter, both in purport and expression, is worthy to be called magnanimous and noble, that it is without example in my own poor history; and I think it is unexampled, too, in the history of governing persons towards men of letters at the present, or at any time; and that I will carefully preserve it as one of the things precious to memory and heart. A real treasure or benefit it, independent of all results from it.

This said to yourself and reposed with many feelings in my own grateful mind, I have only to add that your splendid and generous proposals for my practical behoof must not any of them take effect; that titles of honour are, in all degrees of them, out of keeping with the tenor of my own poor existence hitherto in this epoch of the world, and would be an encumbrance not a furtherance to me; that as to money, it has, after long years of rigorous and frugal, but also (thank God, and those that are gone before me) not degrading poverty, become in this latter time amply abundant, even superabundant; more of it, too, now a hindrance, not a help to me; so that royal or other bounty would be more than thrown away in my case; and in brief, that except the feeling of your fine and noble conduct on this occasion, which is a real and permanent possession, there cannot anything be done that would not now be a sorrow rather than a pleasure.

With thanks more than usually sincere,

I have the honour to be, Sir,

Your obliged and obedient servant,

T. CARLYLE

No object in this house speaks so eloquently of the living Carlyle as does this thin sheet of paper on which the ink is slowly fading.

Behind this drawing-room is the bedroom and dressing-room or powder closet, corresponding to the china closet be-



low. Here is the bed which Carlyle bought just before his marriage for £6 10s. in Dumfries—a solid wooden four-poster. This room latterly was Mrs. Carlyle's bedroom. On the floor above is a large front room (now used by the caretaker of the house) which was the spare bedroom, and behind it Carlyle's bedroom and dressing-room. In the last week or two of Carlyle's life, when he found the stairs too much for him, a small bedstead was put in the drawing-room; and there he died.

The top or attic storey contains a pathetic and almost a comical monument to the lifelong battle which the Carlyles, in their nervous inability to sleep, waged against noise, cocks, hens, pianos, street cries, etc. The idea was to build a room within a room, a sound-proof apartment into which no noise from outside could penetrate. The whole of the roof was taken off and raised, and a room built under the roof with an air space or passage all round, between its walls and the attic walls or roof. Here Carlyle retired for his greatest battle with his longest book—the *History of Frederick the Great*. It took him six years to write it, during which he got so to hate the fallacious sound-proof room that when the book was finished he deserted it and never went near it again. Alas for theory! The sound-proof room developed a peculiar drum-like quality of shutting out, indeed, noises in the immediate neighbourhood, but being sensitive to and resounding with noises, hitherto inaudible, much farther away.

It was a sad and expensive experiment, it was not well done, it cost £200; and it is sad to have to say that the champion of honesty and sincerity in word and in work was fobbed off with a piece of jerry-building which he must have come to hate and despise. Unlike the rest of the house there are practically no associations of this room with Jane Carlyle. She never lived in it with her wit or her laughter. It was the den of the monster, and he was left there very much alone in it. I myself never have the feeling in it of the presences that inhabit the lower rooms. For that we must return to the drawing-room, or if you like, to the parlour, where all the famous visitors sat and talked, where the simple hospitalities of the house were dispensed, and the associations of which as the years went on became

steeped in an ever increasing atmosphere of wit, humour, scorn, laughter, brilliance, wisdom and tobacco smoke.

There is one thing that on this occasion I feel must be said in refutation of a wicked libel on the two lives that were lived in this house. Largely owing to Froude's brilliant but misleading biography, a picture has gradually grown up in the public mind of Carlyle as a bilious, growling, bad-tempered brute who made the life of his wife a martyrdom—she a suffering saint, herself a woman of genius, extinguished under the smoke clouds and showers of ashes emitted by the volcano in whose shadow she lived. This picture is utterly untrue; to know how untrue it is, you must have read, as I have read, at least a dozen volumes of letters and biographical commentary written since Froude's *Life* was published. Having read all the authentic evidence about the lives of the Carlyles, and sitting in their house tonight, I feel it my duty to say that their married life in its loyalties, its certainty of mutual support, its deep love and tenderness, was one which on the whole might be envied by any married couple in the land. No two people in this world have ever been more devoted to one another. Both had a touch of that quality of genius which makes personality and individuality a very sensitive thing. This room where I am sitting, you may be sure, has witnessed scenes of temper, irritation and misery. What room that has ever really been lived in for thirty years has not? People who have the gift for vivid expression can sting with their tongues and say things that are memorable. But these are not the commonplaces of daily life, which in the case of the Carlyles were filled with tenderness, kindness and the deepest and most abiding affection. To anyone who really knows him, and to all who knew him in the flesh, the great characteristic of Carlyle, apart from his strength and his sincerity, was his tender-heartedness. Carlyle's married life was a love story of forty years; with shadow as well as sunshine in it; imperfect, as all life here must be; but on the whole noble, faithful and true. And on this anniversary of the day when he and his wife began to share it in this house, let that truth be stated from this room, with all plainness and emphasis.*

On Foreign Bookstalls—II

What Germany is Reading

By Dr. ERNST DEISSMANN

IF we stroll along the shop windows of German bookstalls of today and compare them with what we saw there say four or five years ago we will notice a distinct difference. Political literature dealing with this or that aspect of the National-Socialist Revolution has conquered an important place in the books displayed. This seems nothing but natural in a period of revolutionary changes such as we are passing through in Germany.

It would, however, be a mistake to think—as some critics in this country do—that this increase in political and cognate publications had practically killed the interest in the literary side of book production. In a country with the glorious literary tradition of Germany *belles lettres* continue to hold their spell over the reading public.

It is true that the works of some authors who were perhaps best known in this country have either disappeared from the shop windows or have been given a less prominent corner. Apart from the suggestion that their success has sometimes been due not so much to the artistic value of their writings but rather to the powers of a cleverly arranged publicity campaign, the fact remains that these writers are no longer regarded as being really representative of the Germany of today. But there is also another side to the picture, often overlooked by foreign observers. The political victory of a revolutionary outlook on social life has paved the way for a group of really representative writers, who not on account of artistic shortcomings, but on account of their spiritual ideals, have had so far to wait on the more remote shelves. And this to my mind is a very positive achievement.

Now let us first take a short glance over the political corner of our shop window. If you are familiar with recent English translations of German political literature, you will

recognise some of the books you already know. Hitler's *Mein Kampf* still occupies the place of the book with the largest circulation. The vivid description of Hitler's life and his amazing political career, as well as of the obstacles the National Socialist Movement had to overcome on its way to its final victory, secure for this book an importance beyond ephemeral enthusiasm. The same is true of the book of a dead author, Moeller van den Bruck, whom some of you already know. Perhaps no other book has given so much inspiration to German youth in their striving for new ideals as his *Das dritte Reich*, which was written as far back as 1922.

The spiritual struggle in Germany for new ideals, for a new aspect of life often conflicting with traditional values is revealed by a review of the bulk of philosophical and religious writings, which are so prominent in German bookstalls of today. They cover a wide field and comprise a variety of outlook and approach ranging from Alfred Rosenberg's *Myth of the Twentieth Century* or Spengler's *Jahre der Entscheidung* (Years of Decision), to religious pamphlets like Cardinal Faulhaber's *Sermons* or Karl Barth's *Theologische Existenz heute*.

Already years before the revolution you could observe how a small group of writers was gradually making headway in its attack against the then prominent type of literature. This group of writers which was supported by publishers with a feeling of public responsibility began to voice its thoughts about the social functions of literature. At an age when literature was preoccupied with the emotions of individuals, frequently those of abnormal character, this new group had to struggle against the advertising powers of publishing companies and influential critics as well as the then patronised authors, categories in which the Jewish element was well represented. The ordinary German bookstall of those days

*Carlyle's House, at 24 Cheyne Row, S.W.3, is open to the public every week day from 10 a.m. to sunset

began to become a spiritual battlefield. You can gather that the new type of literature was polemic, its chosen instrument of attack the critical essay.

Paul Ernst, as a young man the editor of a Radical Social-Democratic paper, launched his attack against German Philosophy of the nineteenth century in a voluminous essay called *Der Zusammenbruch des deutschen Idealismus*. In the same way Hans Grimm, of whom we shall say more later, in his essay *Von der bürgerlichen Ehre* analysed the moral weaknesses of the German bourgeoisie, while Georg Kolbenheyer pointed out the dangers threatening the biological sources of national life. Another wave of criticism sweeping over Germany shortly before and during the first stage of the Revolution has left its traces in the bookstall of today. I confine myself to mentioning the names of Hanns Johst, the successful dramatist, and the doctor-poet Gottfried Benn. Gottfried Benn's essay on *Der neue Staat und die Intellektuellen* reassessed the irrational factor in man, and has met with much response at home and abroad. The spirit that links the critical with the creative value is characterised by the turning away from an unlimited, almost licentious subjectivism towards a new community-consciousness and preparedness for social service.

Can our trip through the bookstalls provide us with a reliable picture of how this revolutionary outlook on social life expresses itself in German literature? I can assure you that even the average type of German bookshop can do that for us. It furnishes the proof that once again the people of Germany, not only psycho-neurotic individuals, can recognise themselves in their literature. The workman will meet his fellow-worker in the books by Heinrich Lersch, author of *Hammer-schläge*, to mention only one example of modern Germany's flourishing workmen's poetry. Another name will strike many of you as more familiar. Ernst Jünger was introduced to you some years ago as the author of *In Stahlgewittern* (*The Storm of Steel*, as the English translation runs). Jünger's latest, a challenging essay on *Der Arbeiter, Herrschaft und Gestalt*, shows the former War-novelist in the ranks of German social literature.

Another well-known author is Hans Fallada, who seems to have a liking for colloquial titles which testify to his interest in the man in the street. One book is called *Kleiner Mann, was nun?* well known over here in its English translation *Little Man, what now?* and another best seller of his is *Wer einmal aus dem Blechnapf frisst*. As Lersch and Jünger stand for the factory worker in literature, Fallada stands for the clerical worker and the shop assistant, for the hard-up lower middle class. In *Kleiner Mann, was nun?* Fallada reveals the heroism of the little man in his struggle against unemployment to secure for his people a little bit of happy family life. Family life again forms the central theme of the book of another author: Friedrich Griese. In his novel *Das letzte Gesicht* the scene shifts from Fallada's city offices and stores to the farms of North Eastern Germany. Pointing to the numerous books the gay wrappers of which display scenes of country life, you will certainly ask me, perhaps with a suspicious smile, if this sort of semi-political-literary 'Back-to-the-Land-Movement' really appeals to the readers. Well, you'd better ask the author in question, Friedrich Griese himself, why his first big novel with a rural setting, called *Winter*, as early as 1928 captured parts of the German reading public, and secondly, why his English publisher took the risk of a translation some years ago. I suppose the success of his latest novel, *Das letzte Gesicht*, is due to the fact that it presents, both in substance and style, the so far most complete literary expression of what I termed before, the rise of a new community-consciousness. The fate of the Fanna family occupies the central place in this story of a post-War village community. In old mother Fanna, an indefatigable worker in the fields, gifted with second sight, is embodied the spirit of man, standing firmly on this earth of ours, yet also reaching up to the sphere of the Supernatural. Ever since the foundation of the village each generation of farmers has had its mother Fanna. So this post-War life of manual work and spiritual vision is not isolated, but holds its place in the course of each generation. Griese does not psycho-analyse individuals, he simply tells the story of village families. The return of typical figures, and the repetition of almost the same phrases at the beginning and the close of chapters reflect in style what he means by his words '... dieses Leben, das sich aus sich selber immer wieder neu erschafft'.

It is an interesting fact that historical literature forms one of the principal sections of the books exhibited today. It is not

in the novel alone that it has been gaining ground, owing to the efforts of writers like Friedrich Blunck, Paul Ernst, and Georg Kolbenheyer. Poetry as well as dramatic art reveal to what extent a sound retrospective attitude, a healthy sense of tradition is permeating German literature. Seen through the window of the bookstall, the historical element in poetry speaks to us from a shelf comprising, amongst others, Ernst Bertram's cycle of poems, entitled *Wartburg*. The name stands for a symbol of three climaxes in German history with which Wartburg Castle is so closely connected—the age of German minstrelsy, the Reformation, and early in the nineteenth century the German Students' Demonstration for political unification. It is more than mere coincidence that Bertram should share his shelf with Agnes Miegel, who masters a specific form of historical poetry, the ballad. As to the metallic rhythm of her verse and its beautiful simplicity of expression she has achieved for historical poetry what Georg Kolbenheyer in his *Paracelsus* trilogy has done for the historical novel. In the show window of our bookshop we can detect only one novel with which to compare Kolbenheyer's work. It is Thomas Mann's *Der Zauberberg*. I am sure you have been, somewhat suspiciously, looking forward to my mentioning his well-known name. From his masterpiece the *Buddenbrooks* up to his latest *Die Geschichten Jaakobs*, many of his volumes still hold their places in our bookshops. Set against a European background, Castorp, the central figure of *Der Zauberberg* represents the skilfully drawn type of a young German intellectual of pre-War times. This type, however, has irrevocably gone. It is in Kolbenheyer's *Paracelsus*, the setting of which is also European, though the Europe of the sixteenth century, that the new Germany recognises itself more clearly, in spite of the historical frame. Kolbenheyer's doctor-philosopher Paracelsus embodies eternal tendencies of the German mind, whereas Thomas Mann describes it in the transitional state of spiritual and moral disintegration.

It is in the displays of German War and post-War literature that we cross the borderline between historical literature and descriptions of our time. The bookstall of 1934 mirrors the process of writing about the War at a stage where it is taking the experience of war as the great changing factor in the outlook on community life. Paul Alverdes' story *Reinhold oder die Verwandelten—Changed Men*, as the English title runs—is most representative in this respect. A young German experiences comradeship in warfare to the fullest and retains the spirit of service and sacrifice for the building up of a new social system. Another novelist of the same category will be no stranger to many of you, E. v. Salomon, who wrote *Die Geächteten* and *Die Stadt*. Both Salomon and Alverdes have contributed to shaping the new type of the 'Political Novel', while Hans Grimm, the well-known author of *Volk ohne Raum*, has raised it to its present perfection. While the two former writers depicted German youth in its struggle for a juster form of social life at home, Hans Grimm watched it in a world-wide perspective. His novel *Volk ohne Raum* has been one of the most inspiring and certainly the most successful book for many years. In circulation it comes next to Hitler's *Mein Kampf*. From the background of the story of a German colonial settler it has brought home to its hundreds of thousands of readers an impressive picture of the fate of the German nation in our present time. Grimm's latest work, *Mein Lüderitzland*, still sticks to the old theme, just as Grimm's ever-increasing audience sticks to his heroes as national ideals of hard workers, good companions and lovers of their nation's honour, though shrewd critics of its innate weaknesses.

Our bookseller did not make a mistake when he placed Grimm's books in the neighbourhood of those beautifully designed, dark-blue volumes of a Stefan George edition. Indeed, Grimm the novelist and George the poet touch common ground in their view of Germany's spiritual and political fate as an organic unit. George is dead now, but he is still alive in his works. In him is embodied the eternal German vision of the poet as being the master of artistic form while at the same time he is the prophetic interpreter of his people's mission.

I hope that even these few remarks have shown to you that there is at the present time not only no lack of choice and variety in a German bookstall, but that present-day German literature reveals in an admirable way the cross-currents of the intellectual life of a nation that is confronted with the solution of many decisive problems of her national and social life.

A Classic of Travel

The Valley of the Assassins. By Freya Stark. Murray. 12s. 6d.

IT IS STRANGE to think that by merely going a few miles off the beaten track in a land so well-known and so modern as Persia, one may find such primitive conditions and such wild people as Miss Stark found on each of the excursions described in this volume. It must be remembered, however, that although the beaten track is represented by well-laid motor roads, all other communications are mere tracks for animals in single file.

The attractive title given to Miss Stark's book only refers to one of several excursions made by her in 1930-32. The Assassins, it may be explained, were a strange sect, half religious and half political, which, originating in Egypt, became and long remained the terror of Muslims and Crusaders in Syria and of the ruling princes in Persia. The Persian branch was founded in the eleventh century by a certain Hasan i Sabbah who had his headquarters in the rock-castle of Alamut in the Elburz Mountains, north-east of Qazwin. The mediæval history of the Near and Middle East, in spite of the wonderful *résumé* given by Gibbon, is still an unfamiliar subject to the general reader, but Hasan i Sabbah, the Old Man of the Mountain and the fort of Alamut, thanks to FitzGerald's Preface to his famous translation of the *Rubáiyát* and to Marco Polo's detailed description (from hearsay only) of Alamut, have brought into prominence, isolated from any historical background, the Valley of the Assassins from which this book takes its title. But Alamut was only one of many strongholds occupied by the Persian Assassins, and Miss Stark is by no means the first to explore it; another famous stronghold was Lamiasar, of which the exact position was not known, and this Miss Stark, acting on a casual remark heard in Qazwin, set out to find, and was apparently the first European to visit it in modern times.

She also made two excursions into the province of Luristan in the hope of finding buried treasure, and here she had to contend not merely with the dangers and difficulties of travelling in a wild country but also with the local authorities who make Luristan practically a forbidden country. Although she was not successful in finding the hidden treasure she had been told of, or any of the bronzes the ancient inhabitants of Luristan were wont to bury with their dead, she achieved two very remarkable journeys into a little-known quarter of Persia.

Miss Stark travelled with a muleteer or guide as her only companion, and relied entirely on her unfailing courage and her quick perceptions to carry out these venturesome excursions.

Only once, when laid low with malaria, did she meet a situation with which she could not cope. So much regarding her journeys: and now for the book itself. I think there can be no doubt that Miss Freya Stark has produced what we may call a classic of travel, irrespective of the special contribution she has made to our knowledge of the geography of Persia: and *The Valley of the Assassins* is sure to find its place on our library shelves side by side with *Eothen*.

Vivid descriptions of men and scenery are richly interspersed with humorous touches and philosophic reflections. For Miss Stark is something more than an observant traveller—she possesses the rare gift of understanding every class of person with whom she is brought into contact and of summing up in a few words the salient features of each. She thus introduces to the reader a strange medley of Persians mostly of less civilised type, whom the average traveller rarely gets to know. In everyone she finds something that arouses her sympathy, whether he be a blustering Kurdish chieftain or a half-witted muleteer.

Take, for example, her sketch of one of her guides who rejoiced in the high-sounding name of Shah Riza:

Next morning he arrived in a long yellow and white striped garment with a ragged grey jacket, and a blue turban wound round his untidy old head. He had no luggage at all. Shah Riza is really a maker of quilts, but he looks like a philosopher, which, in his way, he is. His philosophy is one of passive resistance to the slings and arrows of fortune, as they hurtle round him: he sits among them looking as if he thought of something else, but ready, in his quiet way, to make the most of any lull in the general perversity of things. As an attendant he left much to be desired—everything in fact if an attendant is supposed, as I take it, to attend.

Or again the following reflections on art:

It used to give me daily pleasure in Teheran to see the sacks in which refuse is carried off the streets woven with a blue and red decorative pattern: but can one imagine a borough council in Leeds or Birmingham expressing a delicate fancy of this kind? Beauty, according to these, is what one buys for the museum: pots and pans, taps and door-handles, though one has to look at them twenty times a day, have no call to be beautiful. So we impoverish our souls and keep our lovely things for rare occasions, even as our lovely thoughts—wasting the most of life in pondering domestic molehills or the Stock Exchange, among objects as ugly as the less attractive forms of sin.

E. DENISON ROSS

Unbalanced Budgets

Unbalanced Budgets: A Study of the Financial Crisis in Fifteen Countries. By Hugh Dalton, Brinley Thomas, J. N. Reedman, T. J. Hughes and W. J. Leaning. Routledge. 15s.

THIS TIMELY BOOK owes its appearance to research Travelling Scholarships, founded by the late Sir Arthur Acland to encourage 'an intelligent study of industrial, social or educational conditions outside the United Kingdom'. In 1932 the Trustees (who are appointed by the Labour Party and the Co-operative Movement) awarded three scholarships, and invited the London School of Economics to appoint a member of its staff to plan and supervise the work of the three scholars. Dr. Hugh Dalton, a Member of the last Labour Government, and Reader in Economics in the University of London, undertook the task with the assistance of Mr. Leaning, and has edited the whole work, which runs to nearly 460 pages. The lion's share (214 pages) is devoted to an examination of German finance by Mr. Brinley Thomas, who has packed an enormous amount of detailed information about the history of the German Budget from 1929 to 1932 into his essay. He is friendly to Dr. Brüning, but admits that he erred when he endeavoured at the same time to balance the Budget and to maintain a rapidly appreciating gold currency. Whether Herr Hitler, after enormously increasing the expenditure, and creating a huge deficit, will be able either to preserve the gold exchange currency or to avoid another financial and economic collapse, Mr. Thomas does not care to predict; but 'the next two years will be a severe testing time'. Next in order comes Mr. Hughes, with an account (in some 50 pages) of the recent budgetary history of Italy, where under Mussolini's dictatorial regime, we are told, it has been possible to reduce expenditure and wages more easily than in other countries, and to adapt the Budget to changes in the purchasing power of money (page 226). Yet Mussolini, after drastic retrenchments in State salaries, etc., has just confessed to a sixty millions (sterling) deficit! After Italy comes France, then the Scandina-

vian countries, Holland, Belgium, Switzerland, Austria, Czechoslovakia, Poland and Finland. Finally there are brief notices of the financial situation in Australia, New Zealand and the United States.

Within the limits of this review detailed criticism is impossible; but it may be remarked that an ardent Socialist like Dr. Dalton, who unites with his political ideals and enthusiasms a wide knowledge of public finance, is obviously distracted, as we see from his introductory observations at the beginning and his general reflections at the end, between the advantages of heavy social expenditure, with rising taxation, and the disadvantages of national insolvency. Neither he nor his disciples seem quite to have decided whether a balanced or an unbalanced budget is the more to be desired. His dislike of the Capitalist system—that is to say, of economic liberty and competition in free markets—is, however, plain enough, and so is his wholehearted advocacy of planned economy and his admiration for the 'wonderful energy' of the Soviet Union. Dr. Dalton describes Russia as 'a living example of a Planned Socialist Economy, which, in proportion as it succeeds in raising the standards of life of its inhabitants, in realising social equality and in abolishing the trade cycle with its attendant unemployment, will produce an increasing repercussion and a spirit of imitation in the minds of those who dwell in Capitalist communities'. For my part, I shall be surprised if dwellers in such Capitalist communities as England, Sweden, Holland or Switzerland, who still enjoy personal and political liberty, private property and a free press, as well as national solvency and public credit, are tempted by the example of present-day Russia to adopt either Communism or its next-door neighbour, Bureaucratic Socialism.

FRANCIS W. HIRST

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The Listener's Book Chronicle

The Prison Letters of Countess Markievicz Longmans. 6s.

THE LETTERS THEMSELVES form a comparatively small part of this book, nor are they all written from the various prisons in which the Countess Markievicz was confined in the course of her stormy career as an Irish revolutionary. Some of the letters are dated from her home in Dublin, and a few others describe a political tour in the United States. The greater part of the book consists of a biographical sketch by Miss Ethel Roper; and a number of poems on the Easter Week rising of 1916, written by the gifted sister of the Countess, the late Eva Gore-Booth, have also been inserted. The Countess was not among those who are satisfied to do their duty in that state of life into which it has pleased God to call them—and she has been called to an agreeable station. She was one of the lovely daughters of a great Sligo landlord, noted for philanthropy. Her mother was an Englishwoman. She had a natural talent for country pursuits (she was an accomplished and fearless rider) and also for painting. She married a genial Polish landowner, also a painter, who settled with her in Dublin and participated with her in the artistic and literary life of that city, but who refrained from following her into the excitements of physical force politics. Her appearance as a commander of rebels in the central square of Dublin was one of the major sensations of Easter Week, 1916. Her sympathies were with the social-revolutionary side of Irish nationalism; yet later on, as an adherent of Mr. de Valera in the civil war, she was prepared on conditions to enter the Free State Parliament.

The introduction is a work of piety. Miss Roper, an evidently dear friend, scarcely attempts to subject this career to psychological examination. The strong theatrical element in the character of Countess Markievicz passes almost unnoticed in the biographical sketch, although it is apparent in the letters, which have an attractive, gay, girlish quality and are singularly free from the cant of martyrdom. It seems something of an anomaly that Miss Roper, who like Eva Gore-Booth was an extreme pacifist in England, should regard the Countess' action in Ireland with so much complaisance. She observes of the labour leader, James Connolly, at the time when the nations of Europe were in arms and Connolly himself was preparing to abet Pearse in an Irish rebellion, that he regarded war as 'out of date'. Mr. de Valera, who contributes a short foreword, is more enlightening when he says that 'Madame loved the poor'. Taken literally, indeed, this means nothing—as well as say of someone that he or she 'loved the rich'—or it is a mere politician's cliché. But understood in the sense that the Countess preferred to bestow rather than to get, it is appropriate. Her generosity was indefectible. 'All that she had she would give', the Irish poet wrote of her.

The Martyrs of Tolpuddle, 1834-1934 Trades Union Congress. 7s. 6d.

Probably there is no other country in the world where a volume of this sort, celebrating a hundred-years-old episode in the struggle for liberty, could today be published. The story of the six farm labourers of Tolpuddle, in Dorsetshire, who were transported to Australia for the crime of administering a secret oath as part of their attempt to form a trade union, has recently been given dramatic form on the wireless; and it is to be made the subject of formal celebrations by the T.U.C. later this summer. The injustice which the six men suffered a century ago, and the agitation which secured restitution for the injustice, are now part of the history of the nation, not episodes in a mere political controversy. Though there may linger in odd corners of Dorsetshire—rural memories live long—persons who still justify the sentence passed by Judge Williams in 1834, opinion as a whole has long accepted the trial and sentence as a gross miscarriage of justice in the wider sense. The men were punished apparently for a technical offence, really for the crime of organising a union, and twentieth-century England no longer sees the organisation or joining of a union as a crime. The unions are a recognised part of the framework of society, though opinions may differ as to the limit of their functions. Therefore, the tale of the men of Tolpuddle is not to be made the subject of party political capital. This book, published by the T.U.C., on the whole worthily avoids this peril. The episode

is given most elaborate treatment. Every fact and person connected with it have been traced and sifted. The events leading up to the trial are examined in detail, and the whole of the correspondence between Melbourne and Frampton, lately unearthed in the Home Office Records, are printed to show the attitude of the Government and the local landlords. The trial is fully reported, and Sir Stafford Cripps points out the features which entitle us to call it 'a travesty of justice'. The main account of the men's sufferings in England and in Australia is told vividly by Mr. Citrine, one of the most interesting parts of whose narrative touches on the after-career of Loveless and his friends in Canada. Besides the essential documents and original sources, the book comprises a number of studies of special aspects of the affair by Mr. Arthur Henderson (Parliamentary), Mr. G. D. H. Cole (legal), and Mr. H. L. Beales (economic). Mr. H. V. Morton writes a pleasant, if doubtfully relevant, chapter on 'Songs of the Period'. And the volume is copiously and skilfully illustrated throughout, with cartoons, maps, portraits (many of them cleverly reconstructed from slight originals), and black-and-white sketches, Will Dyson and Frank Horrabin sharing the honours in this part of the work. We may conclude by pointing out that this must be one of the cheapest historical studies, considering its size and elaborateness, ever published. The printers have spared no pains to produce a book whose appearance is worthy of its contents.

The Social Implications of the Oxford Movement By W. G. Peck. Scribner. 7s. 6d.

This is a book of quite exceptional significance to those who are concerned to appraise correctly that great movement of revival within the English Church the centenary of which was celebrated last year. It is of equal importance to all who are seeking to think through the relation of Christian faith and practice to our present confusions and perplexities, and it also provides a very apt commentary upon the issues underlying the present struggle in many places to uphold liberty of thought and conscience, which constitutes the most fundamental problem presented by the totalitarian State in whatever form.

The Oxford Movement did not spring from a process of theorising *in vacuo*. . . Its social implications, if grounded deeply in the spiritual realm, are solid and certain in the light of common day, because it was concerned with spiritual interests in face of a definite contemporary situation in England. Both the motive of saving the Church, and the methods and measures in doctrine and practice which the leaders of the Movement found themselves logically bound to adopt, implied, in the situation of their place and time, a profound reversal of the assumptions upon which the world was then living and has continued to live until it has now become patent that the world itself must abandon them or suffer relapse into some sub-civilised condition.

While admitting frankly 'that Anglo-Catholicism has had its own pietists who, failing to observe the true bearings of the Tractarian Church doctrine and aware of the ascetic devotion of the Oxford leaders, have assumed that Catholicism is merely the authorised method of preparing souls for the life beyond the tomb', the writer presents impressive, and it would seem inescapable, documentary evidence to show that the contrary judgments of such authorities as Dean Stanley, Professor Trevelyan and Mr. C. G. Binyon must be substantially revised. It is simply untrue 'that the Tractarians allowed dogma to obscure ethics', and the suggestion that they did so arises from a failure to recognise that 'if an ethico-social structure is to be based upon a redemptive revelation, then dogma becomes of immense importance'. It is also due to an inadequate grasp of the fact that the 'liberalism' which they opposed 'was not the desire for liberation from unprincipled autocracy, unfair privilege or class superiority, but something less honourable, something subversive, not merely of social systems which might well be overthrown in the service of God, but of the painfully preserved sanctities of man's existence. It was the belief that the human future might be conducted upon a basis of sheer experimentalism. It is a basis which, denying dogma, denied any spiritual significance, any mystical essence, in human personality and society'. In two chapters dealing with 'The Rival Humanists' and 'The Material Collapse of Secularism', Mr. Peck presents a penetrating analysis of our present confusions and perplexities from the Christian point of view. Indeed, one of the outstanding merits of this remarkable book is its convincing and effective demonstration of the relevance to the

problems of the modern world of just those beliefs which are commonly held by the vast majority of devout and intelligent Christians. Even when dealing with the Church and the Sacraments Mr. Peck, though never concealing that element of personal conviction which must always characterise vital religious experience, maintains his sound purpose of concentrating upon the really essential things. The book offers a most valuable contribution to the literature of Christian responsibility and challenge and, more generally, of social renewal. Minor defects and lapses are certainly to be found in its pages, but these in no way detract from the sound scholarship, the courageous thought, and the lucid presentation which pervade this timely volume.

Rossini and Some Forgotten Nightingales

By Lord Derwent. Duckworth. 15s.

It is hard to say which is stranger: that hitherto no English writer should have devoted a book to Rossini, or that all of a sudden, not one, but two such books should have come out. Perhaps neither is really strange. For a long time, biographers in search of subjects may have been guided by some kind of equivalent of the French dictum that happy nations have (here, of course: happy music has) no history. Nowadays, interest in Rossini is steadily increasing; and it is also realised that the simplest music may deserve as careful study as the most complex.

Lord Derwent's book is altogether dissimilar in scope from Mr. Toye's (reviewed in *THE LISTENER*, May 16, page 848). It aims at giving a picturesque, high-coloured evocation of Rossini and his surroundings, not at studying his genius, procedure, and influence. Like Mr. Toye, Lord Derwent has gone for his facts to Radiciotti's exhaustive and thoroughly reliable biography. But he has drawn a good deal of his inspiration from Stendhal, whose inaccuracies, he esteems, 'are more than compensated by the vitality which exudes from the merest of his footnotes'. He also follows, now and then, the semi-fictional (and at times more than semi-fictional) methods which Benjamin's well-known *Balzac* and Werfel's *Verdi* show in full action. For instance (and the quotation, although considerably abridged, will show the spirit in which he writes most of the time), he ends with a picture of Rossini after Wagner's visit to him in 1860, sitting alone in his room, dreaming:

Perhaps, if he had not been a poor trumpeter's son, if he had not been a willing prey to dark hair and white skin and rounded breasts, his now swollen but still fine pianistic hands might never have written anything but a few sparkling light operas—for pleasure, just for his own pleasure. . . . What was this, booming, slow but secure, in march-time—from the Opéra near by, possibly? . . . Ah, of course it was that big-headed German's overture, the one he had found so difficult to understand when he tried it on the piano. . . . But here was Olympe, summoning him to the evening meal. Dinner! at least there was always dinner.

As it happens, the Paris performances of 'Tannhäuser' (whose Overture is referred to here) took place a whole twelve-month after Wagner's visit to Rossini. Even so, of course, it may be conceded that this final page of Lord Derwent's book is passable as an attempt at psychological symbolism. But this, and a good deal more, could have been done far less loosely and more simply.

The 'forgotten nightingales' (Olympe Pélissier, Isabelle Colbran, Pasta, Malibran, and others) and also male singers (such as Tamberlick, Lablache, Tamburini, and Rubini) are referred to briefly, but at times interestingly.

What is the Fourth Dimension?

By C. W. R. Hooker. Black. 5s.

The real subject of Mr. Hooker's book—asymmetry in nature—is one that has been neglected by writers for the general reader. It has its beginnings in the elementary chemistry of carbon compounds; it takes root in bio-chemistry; it is both literally and metaphorically of vital importance in physiology; and if one likes to generalise at large, or to discover and trace out analogies, there is a vast field of important and interesting fact to which a writer with a ready pen could draw his readers' attention. Mr. Hooker started well by choosing this unhackneyed subject and doing his best to make it as interesting and as plain as it may be made. He first of all enlarges upon those chemical compounds which have asymmetric molecules. He makes this matter very clear. Such molecules may be identical in all chemical properties and most physical properties; in three-dimensional space they differ, however, as the right hand does from the left. In the laboratory the chemist may make equal numbers of both kinds, and afterwards, but only with

great labour, sort them into the two lots; in nature, however, one kind only is made. The bearing of this on life is next carefully explained in two interesting chapters; if such portions of our food as consist of right-hand molecules were replaced by the same compounds with left-hand molecules, things, indeed, would go ill with us. The author finally makes incursions into biology and astronomy for illustrations of the points he has made plain in the simpler science of chemistry; he brings out many novel and interesting facts about asymmetry in nature.

The weak part of the book is the constant reference to what the author calls the 'fourth dimension'. This is not time, nor is it any dimension known to science; it is the shadowy land of the uninformed and fanciful speculator. The main facts and arguments of the book are in no way made plainer or more convincing by this constant appeal to mystery; they are concerned with asymmetry in nature and not with a fourth dimension. In these circumstances the title is most unfortunate, especially in the form in which it is given. It arouses interest in a subject which is not the main subject of this book, one, indeed, which acts, in this case, as a drag on the main subject.

Name this Bird. By Eric Fitch Daglish. Dent. 7s. 6d.

All the laymen who, wishing to ascertain the names of the birds they see, have resorted to the bird-books in common use and remained in the lurch (not an unusual experience) will feel most grateful to the author of this well-produced, pocket-size volume. The method Mr. Eric Fitch Daglish follows is not only simple, but practically foolproof. It is based on a principle, current in botany, and popularised by Gaston Bonnier's *floras*, which is: to start from the most general, most easily discernible features and lead up, by means of increasingly specific questions, linked together by reference numbers, to the solution—from the colour of the upper and under parts to the colour, shape and so on of head and beak and wings and feet, many sketches helping the inquirer on his way. On an average, half-a-dozen questions go to an identification. There are sixty-four coloured plates, illustrating close on two hundred and forty birds. An additional merit is that many rare birds are included which other books of the same size omit as often as not; for instance, the avocet, the honey buzzard, the great grey shrike, the shore lark (a winter visitor to the east coast of England), the hoopoe (a visitor which, we are told, might become a resident if left unmolested) and the bee-eater, a lovely, many-hued bird which visits the south coast in spring and in autumn, but which very few people are fortunate enough to see.

A History of Bolshevism. By Arthur Rosenberg Oxford University Press. 12s. 6d.

The Oxford Press performed a very useful service to students of recent European history by publishing Brandenburg's *From Bismarck to the World War*, a few years ago; the book has since become indispensable in university courses on the subject as well as to the general student. And now with Mr. Ian Morrow's excellent translation of Rosenberg's *Geschichte des Bolshevismus* it renders an equal service, and one may expect this book to achieve a similar success. It certainly deserves it; for it illuminates, with the clear and equable light of scholarship, a darker and even more significant tract of contemporary history than pre-War German diplomacy. It deals with the history of Bolshevism, in theory and in practice, from its roots in the Communist ideas of Marx to its outcome in the Russian Five Years Plan and the Third International. To the English reader it is an almost unknown, and possibly repellent, field of knowledge; but no one can deny its extreme importance if we are to understand the world we live in, or can but welcome so much new information, brought together with such critical good sense, as Dr. Rosenberg has to offer. Very few people can have had such opportunities for studying the development of Bolshevik policy and the inner movements of its thought; for some years he was a member of the executive of both the German Communist Party and of the Third International. What is extraordinary is the degree of detachment and of impartiality that he has been able to observe, in writing the history of events that must have been of such concern to him.

The book begins with a survey of Marx's attitude to the question of a German Revolution—his expectation that it would be a middle-class one and that the working-class would have to build upon this foundation. He shows how the Russian Social-Democrats, and among them Lenin, adhered to the same view. In these circumstances, the October Revolution came as something of a surprise, not only to those against whom it was

directed but to those whom it carried forward on the crest of the wave. Dr. Rosenberg's view is that it was an upheaval of the masses, of social foundations on so vast a scale, that if the Bolsheviks had not provided it with objectives and some semblance of order, it would have led to the caving-in of all social order and complete anarchy in Russia. 'If Lenin had failed in the autumn of 1917', he says, 'Russia would have become a scene of terrible anarchical chaos'. From this point he investigates the development of Bolshevik policy, showing the interaction of its internal and external exigencies. The moral of the book appears to be that virtually the whole of Bolshevik external policy, the setting up of the Third International which has had the effect of splitting the forces of international Socialism, the policy of collaboration with the right-wing Labour Movements from 1921 to 1927, and the subsequent departure from it with the swing to the left of Stalin's policy and the Five Years Plan—all of it has arisen purely in response to the internal Russian situation. And his conclusion is that internally the Russian State is in a fair way to make progress, while externally the policy of the Communist International has come to disaster. It will be very interesting, in view of the present Russian approaches to the League of Nations, to watch if the Third International will be thrown over. If so, it will clear the air in many European and Asiatic countries and will be an event of the greatest international importance.

Pilgrim of the Apocalypse. By Horace Gregory Secker. 3s. 6d.

Mr. Gregory's essay is described on the title page as a critical study of D. H. Lawrence. It seems—in intention at least—to be something more, for beside the critical assessment of Lawrence's prose and verse, taken in chronological order, Mr. Gregory sets his paraphrase of Lawrence's philosophy. The book is intended as a sort of guide to Lawrence's work; and if it is accepted as such by those to whom Lawrence is so far only a name, it should give them a bird's-eye view of his progress from youth to maturity as a writer. On the other hand, if the book is read by those who have already made acquaintance with Lawrence's books at first hand, certain questions may rise in their minds. For instance, the contents page sets *The Rainbow* under the heading 'Poetry into Prose'; and *The Plumed Serpent* under the heading 'The Prophet'. Apparently to Mr. Gregory, Lawrence was predominantly a poet struggling into prose during 1913-16, and predominantly a prophet from 1916 till 1928. In Blake there is, perhaps, such a cleavage to some degree, but when one remembers that some of Lawrence's very earliest verse is 'prophetic' in the sense that much of *The Rainbow* is prophetic, and in which much of the prolonged and highly poetic descriptive writing in *The Plumed Serpent* is not prophetic at all, one foresees pitfalls in this sort of demarcation.

Mr. Gregory writes: 'I seriously doubt whether his short stories actually display a more perfect craftsmanship than some of the poems or the novels'. Such comment is welcome as qualifying a fairly common opinion.

One or two criticisms: Mr. Gregory writes of 'Pansies' as satire only—but these two collections are full of snatches of lyrical poetry. He employs phrases like 'The ruddy strength of male' and 'Backward with the flow of blood through unremembered generations'—and such phraseology is likely to alarm readers who wish to learn something of Lawrence, rather than of such paraphrases of him.

Secrets of the Red Sea

By Henry de Monfried. Faber. 12s. 6d.

Secrets of the Red Sea is rather like a literary sandwich; the bread of the beginning and the end is a little dull and stale and clings to the mouth, whereas the middle of the book is very good meat indeed, fresh and spicy and full of the juice of adventure.

Forty years ago Henry de Monfried, in defiance of the authorities and the best advice, began his extraordinary adventures in and about the Red Sea. He has continued ever since that time to defy authorities and advice, pursuing his adventures wherever and whenever his instinct or love of excitement has taken him. He began modestly enough with an unsuccessful attempt at gun-running, at a time when the market, to say the least of it, was a little keen in Arabian latitudes. He continued with pearl-fishing, his adventures in which make his earlier excitements seem as tame as the make-believe of an imaginative boy. It may be this extraordinary juiciness of the pearl-fishing adventures, making up the middle of the book, which creates the sandwich

effect. It is certainly not until Schonchana, the pearl-trading Jew, and Zanni, the sinister pearl-robbing Greek, make their appearances that the book ceases to be a dry-bread sort of account and becomes really tasty and exciting. The villain has always been a popular figure in literature—perhaps because it is certain that his blood will be offered in due course to the carnivorous reader—and Zanni is the villain of the piece, or more truly the meat in the sandwich. Of how Henry de Monfried and Cheik Issa turned Zanni into very cold meat indeed this is not the place to explain. It is a rich piece of dramatic adventure—whether memory or imagination has dramatised it a little or not. What the imagination of Conrad would have made of the incident it is interesting to wonder: Zanni would certainly have attracted him, just as Schönburg did, for his consummate villainy and inscrutable cruelty. Conrad would have revelled in the play of atmosphere and destiny, in the secrecy and suspense, in the magic and heat and mysterious intensity of the Arabian scene and the sea especially, and in the awful inevitability and irony of the end. He would have made a fine thing of it: and it is the highest sort of compliment to Henry de Monfried that his own telling of the story can bear such close comparison with Conrad's methods. After this meat the closing chapters of the book, perhaps relatively, seem a little dull, rather like the dry bread of soberly related facts. But the bread is eatable; with a little more care in the rebaking the sandwich would then have been entirely fresh and satisfying to the taste. Even so, no one should miss the chance of a taste of Zanni's blood.

The 1820 Settlers in South Africa. By I. E. Edwards Longmans. 7s. 6d.

The moral of this book lies in the proof it furnishes that, even as long ago as the Liverpool Government when the estimation of the value of colonies was low, the dangerous policy of sacrificing the interests of British settlers could not be maintained in the face of public opinion. Never was there such an ill-considered enterprise as the 1820 settlement in the Albany district of the Cape Colony, and this well-compiled and documented thesis is a terrible indictment of 'the singular failure of schemes acceptable to the Colonial Office'; but it is something more than that—it provides a remarkable tribute to our race and to South Africa, for from disastrous failure due to mismanagement and the hopeless choice of sour veld for agriculture, there emerged the ultimate prosperity of these tricked and ill-used settlers, who turned Albany into a highly successful sheep-grazing district. We may well take off our hats to them.

The book is opportune because conditions at home are much as they were then, and talks of emigration schemes are being revived. We read what led to this experiment. 'The economic depression at the close of the Napoleonic wars led to acute and widespread unemployment. Agriculturists had to face a severe crisis caused by a rapid fall in prices. . . . The manufacturers lost not only the war stimulus to productive industry but also the monopoly of the continental market'. This has a painfully familiar ring, and if once more emigration be considered as an alleviation for home distress there is much to be learned from this book. We can see the pitiful results of the policy pursued: of which we are told 'the indifference to the welfare and economic interests of the British settlers showed only too clearly that it was the protection of the colony, rather than of the colonists, which interested the Government throughout'. These colonists were used as pawns to relieve the strain at home and to act as a buffer against the stream of Bantu migration. If Government fosters emigration, common honesty demands that it attends, first and foremost, to the welfare of the colonists. Lord Bathurst had this excuse, inadequate though it was, that he was making a new experiment. A hundred years later, with this record to guide us, that excuse will not avail. Yet much of what we read still has a too familiar sound. 'The home Government even denied political rights to British colonists in the interests of the native races; and representative institutions were withheld from the Cape Colony on the ground that the colonists might abuse their power and oppress the natives'. (Similar evidence is to be found in Graham Mackeurtan's *Cradle Days in Natal*.) The truth is, really, that such abuse of power by colonists as did occur arose largely from reaction and pent-up irritation at unfair repression of legitimate aspirations, a lesson that seemingly has not yet been learned. This valuable historical work is, therefore, timely in its appearance.